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REVIEWS

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Lives of the most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. By Allan Cunningham. Vol. IV. London, Murray.

Much as we, in common with the rest of the public, were delighted by Mr. Cunningham's previous contributions to the Family Library, the present is, in no respect, inferior to any of his preceding volumes; while, in some things, it attains even to a higher and more classical degree of excellence. It, indeed, possesses less of the amusing and characteristic fund of personal anecdote and contemporaneous gossip by which the series of the painters and sculptors were so pleasantly enlivened, but in lieu of this our author is more thoroughly and practically conversant with his subject, and he therefore handles it with a confidence and power which intimate and experience-taught knowledge alone would have dared. He has, besides, dipped deeply into the collateral history of the times, and has transplanted into his work many curious circumstances and details, which have hitherto been buried under the combined dust and dullness of professional or antiquarian pages. His painters and sculptors were all men of the same generation, or separated only by such intervals as are marked by changes of fashion and years; but his architects are separated by widely-varied and extensive epochs; and in the absence, as in the case of Wykeham, of individual anecdotes and reminiscences wherewith to illustrate his biography, he has judiciously made the biography illustrative of the age. At the same time, whenever personal knowledge was attainable, he appears faithfully to have delineated the costume of the mind and the idiosyncrasies of the artists, natural or acquired, as they might happen to be.

The volume before us contains the lives of William of Wykeham, Inigo Jones, Wren, Vanbrugh, Gibbs, Kent, the Earl of Burlington, and Sir William Chambers. It commences, as it ought, with the history of William of Wykeham. This extraordinary individual was one of those Catholic bishop-professors of architecture, who, although, as our author remarks, "trained to other studies, and living in the daily discharge of devout duties, planned and reared edifices with a mathematical skill, a knowledge of effect, and a sense of elegance and usefulness, which regular practitioners have never surpassed." He restored much of, and added more to the splendid cathedral of Winchester,—built Windsor Castle with its "proud keep," which the sparkling eloquence of Burke has rendered for ever immortal, and the beautiful and extensive range of buildings which he endowed and denominated New College, Oxford. His family name, on pretty good au-

thority, is supposed to have been Perot; † but, what was very customary in his age, as the example, among others, of his successor in the see of Winton, William of Wykeham, whose real surname was Patten, will abundantly testify, he called himself after the place of his nativity, the village of Wykeham, in Hampshire, where he was born in the year 1324. He early attracted the notice of that stirring and improving monarch, Edward III., and, notwithstanding, according to a certain John London, (no great authority, by the way,) of the enmity of the Black Prince, and, undoubtedly, of the bad offices of the high and mighty John of Gaunt, he was speedily and successively appointed warden and justiciary of the King's forests on this side the Trent, keeper of the privy seal, and Chancellor, bishop of the rich see of Winchester, and, which is more to our purpose, surveyor of the royal edifices at Windsor, Queenborough, in Kent, and the numerous other mansions and castles under the control of the crown. The amount of his wages for these various employments sounds rather extraordinary in modern ears. He was allowed "one shilling a day while he staid at Windsor, two shillings when he went elsewhere on his employment, and three shillings a week for his clerk," but this having been found insufficient, "on the 14th of October, 1357, he received an addition of one shilling a day, payable out of the Exchequer."

Of Wykeham's first great work, Windsor Castle, little now remains except the round tower; but it is believed to have been "at once strong and spacious, inaccessible, yet beautiful," and adapted to the swelling and picturesque nature of the site.

Mr. Cunningham thus describes the gorgeous order of architecture which our stone and mortar-loving bishop contributed largely to embellish:—

"To those who have no leisure for research, who have perplexed their heads with none of the dozen and odd theories on the origin of Gothic architecture, and who even look at it without inquiry and without wonder, it must, nevertheless, appear of an original and peculiar nature, and distinct in its forms, combinations, and effect, from all other styles of building. Such I confess it has ever appeared to me. When I have wandered among the majestic ruins of the abbeys of Scotland—not unacquainted with the classic works of Greece—I never for one moment could imagine that in the ribbed aisles, the pointed arches, the clustered columns, and intelligible yet grotesque carvings of the mouldering edifice before me, I beheld but the barbarous perversion of what was once grand and classic; I could as soon have believed that a battering ram had degenerated into a cannon, or a cross-bow into a carabine. The building on which I

† That William's surname was really Perot we have the authority of the accurate and indefatigable Anthony-a-Wood, who calls him so without hesitation in a holograph letter to Mr. Crewe preserved in the Bodleian Library, which Mr. Cunningham may have not seen.

looked seemed the offspring of the soil,—it corresponded in everything with the character of the surrounding landscape. The stone of which it was built came from the nearest quarry, the wood which composed its screens and carvings was cut in the neighbouring forest, and the stories and legends chiselled on every band and cornice were to be found in the history of the particular church or in that of the Christian religion. The statues of saints, kings, angels, and virgins belonged to modern belief; and in their looks, and in their draperies, they aspired to nothing beyond a copy of the faces and dresses to be found in the district; whilst the foliage, flowers, and fruits, which so profusely enriched band, and cornice, and corbel, were such, and no other, as grew in the woods and fields around. The form of the building was that of the common symbol of religion, the cross; and with its external buttresses, its side aisles and nave, formed, on looking at its section, a complete triangle, the first of all shapes for strength and endurance. The centre of the nave fitted into the peak; the side aisles, surmounted with open buttresses, fell within the sloping lines; while beyond these again, the solid buttresses, projecting far from the line of wall, completed the sides of the triangle. Externally the structure was every way contrived to withstand the rigour of the climate. The sharp peaked roofs threw off the rain and carried little snow—every projection was furnished with a drip, generally in the shape of a hawk's beak, which guarded the moisture from the walls, while the gullets terminated in picturesque heads that ejected from their gaping mouths the water far into the air. The prime architect and planner of all this was, like William of Wykeham, some abbot or bishop, born and educated in the land. The rude and martial nobles, who considered learning an effeminate thing, and architecture as mechanical, and who could storm a castle sooner than sign their names, saw, without concern, a bookish churchman planning those splendid structures, covering them with beauty, and filling them with the treasures of learning, and with images and symbols of silver and gold.

"It would be ridiculous to assert that no resemblance exists between the Grecian and the Gothic—or, indeed, to deny that many of the combinations which pertain to the latter are to be found in the architecture of almost all countries. A Spanish cloak, nevertheless, is not a Tyrian robe, though both are made for the human body; ingenuity cheats itself by discovering imaginary resemblances; an antiquarian, in every molehill and broken stone, sees the visible foot-steps of the mighty of the other days; the geologist bores his hole in the ground, and over the pebbles and earth which come up, pronounces some barbarous words, and writes a history of the antediluvians; the sculptor sees in Plinlimmon or in Penmanmaur the form and lineament of some colossal hero—his imagination turns rocks into noses and helmets. In like manner the architect and the scholar trace likenesses in buildings; yet place the temple of Minerva by the side of York Minster, and no peasant in the land would for one moment imagine that the latter was an elegant and happy corruption, as it has been called, of the former.

Every person who writes on the subject follows the will-o'-wisp of his own nature, or fancy, or education, in seeking the sources of the Gothic. A scholar has no wish to carry a load of learning to no purpose; his Greek accordingly colours all he sees and all he imagines; a man of an original turn of mind, loves to get up some ingenious theory, and round this he twists his subject and tortures it as a fisher does a worm to make it fit his hook." p. 34-7.

This certainly is an ingenious and novel speculation, and, however unpalatable it may prove to classic theorists, our author has much show of reason in the wider signification which he here claims for architecture. This art, like poetry, appeals largely to the sympathies of mankind, and, like poetry too, it is capable of showing many various and individual aspects. The specimens of Egyptian and Hindoo buildings now extant, obey as severe geometrical rules, and exhibit as much picturesque grandeur as the finest monuments of Grecian skill. The principal hypotheses on the subject of Gothic architecture may be brought into small compass. Wren held that the Gothic was borrowed from the Saracens;—Gray, Walpole, and Barry the painter, maintained, that it was a mere modification and corruption of the different Greek orders;—Warburton started the idea that it was truly the invention of the Goths, who derived the conception from the groves and avenues of trees, in which they were wont to worship their deities. Mr. Cunningham's opinion has been already indicated in the previous extract, but he enters more at large into the subject in the following well-written passage:—

"One thing seems clear, that the Gothic architecture, though resembling in many points that of other eras, and sharing with some in peaked arches and diversity of embellishment, has yet a peculiar and decided character of its own.

"The Christian religion differs not more from the heathen than a Gothic cathedral from a Grecian temple. The internal economy, the geometrical combination, and the outward elevations are obviously and equally dissimilar. The latter is an oblong building with open columns on the sides, open porticos at the ends, internally containing the colossal statue of the god to whose service it is dedicated, and externally embellished with sculptures representing actions which that deity was supposed to have directed or influenced. The interior sculpture is not necessary to the integrity of the building: the colossal figure neither supports any part, nor mingles with the masonry, and might be removed without injuring the internal harmony of arrangement; even the sculptures on the outside friezes and double pediments, have no duty to perform further than that of embellishment. The climate for which this noble architecture was invented is warm and mild, where the heat of the sun is more thought of than rain and sleet and snow. There are pediments, but no lofty towers; the roof is slightly ornamented, and the outline of the whole is regular and unbroken. The stones of which it is composed, in size and weight, make part of the invention; the nature of the architecture requires immense blocks; a great temple cannot be built of little pieces of marble; the lofty columns, massy architraves, long friezes, and projecting entablatures demand blocks of many tons weight; the larger the stones, the firmer the structure. These stones are squared with such nicety, and are so solid and massive, that the quality of the cement which unites them is of little moment; and on some occasions this necessary ingredient

to the Gothic has been dispensed with. Constructed in this manner, these magnificent temples survive the vicissitudes of seasons and nations, and are still the wonder of the world.

"A gothic cathedral is a work of another kind—it is at once a place of worship, a sanctuary, and a sepulchre; the mind which conceived it, was in its nature solemn, nay gloomy—and shared largely in that melancholy spirit which inspires our finest poetry. The holy apostles and martyrs who diffused our religion over the earth—the meek Virgin—and her blessed Son, who atoned for our sins, appear above and around; in the recesses, chapels, and aisles, are the statues of kings, councillors, priests, warriors, and poets, lying beneath enriched canopies; and under our feet is their dust, with their names simply inscribed on the marble pavement. Those groups, and statues, and tombs, the processions of priests, the sufferings of the martyrs, the legends of the church, and even the picturesque ornaments, are a portion, and no mean one, of the invention of this splendid architecture. They are, in character and handling, wholly subordinate to the building; as much so, as the 'ut is to the tree which bears it; yet they are so successfully imagined, that they blend with the masonry into one grand harmony of arrangement, and could no more be spared from the niches, bands, and entablatures, than the jewels from out of an imperial crown. The lofty towers, the numerous pinnacles, the nave, the side aisles, the ornamented buttresses, the clustered columns, and the ribbed and enriched arches, differ not more from the heavy pediments, the weighty entablatures, and the massive columns of the classic style, than the materials out of which they are respectively composed. The stones, of which our cathedrals are built, are of small dimensions; few of them heavier than what an able man could easily lift.† The materials are light—so is the structure—so much so, that the Gothic has borne the reproach of being as much too slight as the Saxon has of being too massive and heavy. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the semicircular arches of the latter, require great weight and strength of abutment, lest they should shoulder the towers, in which they form the openings for light and air, out of the perpendicular; and that the pointed arches of the other, require less strength at the springings, and are, moreover, supported by the arches of the side aisles, and by a profusion of solid and open buttresses—in themselves a great ornament as well as stay to the structure. One might almost imagine, that the stones which compose a Gothic cathedral, were laid in a heap before some sagacious architect, who observing that they were too small for a temple in the Greek style, and taxing himself with the invention of an order of architecture suitable for his materials, conceived the Gothic. Nor is this so fanciful a view as it seems. In those days there were few other powers, than the force of men's hands, to put masses of stone in motion; it was difficult to cut large blocks in the quarries—and infinitely more difficult to convey them over many miles of rough road, and raise them to the summits of lofty buildings; small thin stones were therefore inevitably preferred, and a style of architecture prevailed, in which large blocks were unnecessary. p. 46-49.

"† It is the tradition, that the materials composing Sweetheart Abbey on the Scottish side of the Solway, were brought by sea ready squared: and that a line of men was formed from the building to the beach, who handed the stones one to another as bricks are often moved in the present day. Those innumerable stones, showing in the walls some six, and in the arches some three inches thick, are bound—I might say, welded together by a lime cement; coarse indeed, and full of sharp gravel and sea shells; but so hard in its texture, and tenacious in its gripe, that in demolishing the walls at the Reformation, it was necessary to split the stones, for the mortar held them like iron."

We hope to resume our notice of this very delightful volume next week, but we cannot defer mentioning the extreme beauty of the portrait of Inigo Jones prefixed; its depth and brilliancy do great credit to Mr. Edwards; and the portrait of Vanbrugh, though less highly finished, is excellent.

An Ode pronounced before the Inhabitants of Boston, 17th September, 1830, at the Centennial Celebration of the Settlement of the City. By Charles Sprague. Boston, U.S. 1830. Eastburn.

This little poem has come rather unexpectedly into our hands, and we are well pleased to find it deserving sincere commendation. American literature has never yet had fair play in England. The Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews were and are essentially political engines—for years they carried on hostilities against American literature, in a spirit quite as angry and fierce as the one nation warred against the other, and they have hardly yet learned that peace has been proclaimed. This, however, the Americans might have endured—these reviews were known to be state engines; it was known, even in England, that they were influenced by what was felt to be political interests: but it was not to be endured that "little dogs and all" should come whelping after—that critics without political bias, and hardly affecting a critical judgment, should quietly pour out their affected scorn on American literature, and expect Jonathan humbly to defer to their no-judgment;—Jonathan has no such spaniel blood in him—he kicked the curs in scorn, and characterized trading, time-serving and ignorance as it justly merited.

What, we would ask, could have been rationally expected from America, that she has not done and exceeded? Are we to compare her infancy with our manhood? Are we to register against her, and to our own glory, the names of Shakspeare, and Milton, and Bacon, and the constellation of genius that has shed its lustre over our early literature—and forget that these men were the associates and the countrymen of the forefathers of the Americans, and that the fame of such names is as much their birthright and inheritance as ours? From the day of the declaration of her independence, America has done great and glorious things: she fought for liberty and triumphed—she devoted the whole of her young energies to the best purposes, the permanent happiness and well-being of her people; and they are thriving and happy—she took her armed station amidst the nations of the world, and maintained it—with peace she has advanced *pari passu* in the great march of human improvement—and the names of Irving, and Cooper, and Leslie, and Newton, and others, are second only to the greatest in modern literature and art. But this is hardly a fitting occasion to enter on so comprehensive a subject, and therefore for the present we defer it.

This Ode, as will be seen by the title-page, was pronounced; it is therefore oratorical, rather than poetical, and must, we think, have been powerfully felt by the assembled company. To judge it comparatively, we should contrast it with anniversary odes in England—with addresses to Literary Fund Meetings, and the small weak stuff with which we are favoured upon such occasions;

but in truth, such comparison would do us no credit, and therefore, we shall give our readers some specimens of the poem without comparisons. The address opens with an invocation to the forefathers of the assembled people:—

And You! ye bright ascended Dead,
Who scorned the bigot's yoke,
Come, round this place your influence shed;
Your spirits I invoke!
Come, as ye came of yore,
When on an unknown shore,
Your daring hands the flag of faith unfurled,
To float sublime,
Through future time,
The beacon banner of another world.

Behold! they come—those sainted forms,
Unshaken through the strife of storms;
Heaven's winter cloud hangs coldly down,
And earth puts on its rusted frown;
But colder, sader was the hand,
That drove them from their own fair land,
Their own fair land—refinement's chosen seat,
Art's trophied dwelling, learning's green retreat;
By valour guarded, and by victory crowned,
For all, but gentle charity, renowned.

With streaming eye, yet steadfast heart,
Even from that land they dared to part,
And burst each tender tie;
Haunts, where their sunny youth was passed;
Homes, where they fondly hoped at last
In peaceful age to die;
Friends, kindred, comfort, all they spurned—
Their fathers' hallowed graves;
And to a world of darkness turned,
Beyond a world of waves.

But not alone, not all unblessed,
The exile sought a place of rest;
One dared with him to burst the knot,
That bound her to her native spot;
Her low sweet voice in comfort spoke,
As round their bark the billows broke;
She through the midnight watch was there;
With him to bend her knees in prayer;
She trod the shore with girdled heart,
Through good and ill to claim her part;
In life, in death, with him to seal
Her kindred love, her kindred zeal.

They come—that coming who shall tell?
The eye may weep, the heart may swell,
But the poor tongue in vain essays
A fitting note for them to raise.

We hear the after-shout that rings
For them who smote the power of kings;
The swelling triumph all would share,
But who the dark defeat would dare,
And boldly meet the wrath and woe,
That wait the unsuccessful blow!
It were an envied fate, we deem,
To live a land's recorded theme,

When we are in the tomb;
We, too, might yield the joys of home,
And waves of winter darkness roam,
And tread a shore of gloom—

Knew we those waves, through coming time,
Should roll our names to every clime;
Felt we that millions on that shore
Should stand, our memory to adore;—
But no glad vision burst in light,
Upon the Pilgrims' aching sight:

Their hearts no proud hereafter swelled;
Deep shadows veiled the way they held;
The yell of vengeance was their trump of fame,
Their monument, a grave without a name.

In the progress of the address, Mr. Sprague suddenly and beautifully breaks in upon the immediate subject, with mention of those wild children of the desert, whom their forefathers drove from the native wilderness; and still more delicately does he weave into this digression honoured mention of that revolution, the first notice of which had just reached America, coupled with the loved name of La Fayette:—

Yet while by life's endearments crowned,
To mark this day we gather round,
And to our nation's founders raise
The voice of gratitude and praise,
Shall not one line lament that lion race,
For us struck out from sweet creation's face?
Alas! alas! for them—those fated bands,
Whose monarch tread was on these broad, green lands;
Our Fathers called them savage—they, whose bread,
In the dark hour, those famished Fathers fed:

We call them savage, we,
Who hail the struggling free,
Of every clime and hue;
We, who would save
The branded slave,
And give him liberty he never knew:

We, who but now have caught the tale,
That turns each listening tyrant pale,
And blessed the winds and waves that bore
The tidings to our kindred shore;
The triumph-tidings peeling from that land,
Where up in arms insul'd legions stand;
There, gathering round his hold compeers,
Where He, our own, our welcomed One,
Riper in glory than in years,
Down from his forfeit throne,
A craven monarch hurled;
And spurned him forth, a proverb to the world!

And ye, this holy place who throng,
The annual theme to bear,
And bid the exulting song
Sound their great names from year to year;
Ye, who invoke the chieft's breathing grace,
In marble majesty their forms to trace;

Ye, who the sleeping rocks would raise,
To guard their dust and speak their praise;
Ye, who, should some other hand
With hostile foot defile the land,
Feel that ye, like them would wake—
Like them the yoke of bondage break,
Nor leave a battle-blade undrawn,
Though every hill a sepulchre should yawn:

Say, have not ye one line for those,
One brother-line to spare,
Who rose but as your Fathers rose,
And dared as ye would dare?

Alas! for them—their day is o'er.
Their fires are out from hill and shore;
No more for them the wild deer bounds,
The plough is on their hunting grounds;
The pale man's axe rings through their woods,
The pale man's sail skims o'er their floods,
Their pleasant springs are dry;
Their children—look, by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the west,
Their children go—to die.

O doubly lost! oblivion's shadows close
Around their triumphs and their woes.
On other realms, whose suns have set,
Reflected radiance lingers yet;
There sage and hard have shed a light
That never shall go down in night;
There time-crowned columns stand on high,
To tell of them who cannot die.

One more short extract and we have done.
After just tribute to the suffering and endurance
of their pilgrim forefathers—to the patriot virtue of their fathers—the poet comes to the present generation, and asks what record of their virtues shall they leave to their children:—

And when our children turn the page,
To ask what triumphs marked our age,
What we achieved to challenge praise,—
Through the long line of future days,
This let them read, and hence instruction draw:

"Here were the virtues blessed,
Here found the virtues rest,
Faith linked with love and liberty with law;
Here industry to comfort led,
Here book of light here learning spread;
Here the warm heart of youth
Was wooed to temperance and to truth;
Here hoary age was found,
By wisdom and by reverence crown'd.
No great, but guilty fame
Here kindled pride, that should have kindled shame;
These chose the better, happier part,
That poured its sunlight o'er the heart;
That crowned their homes with peace and health,
And weigh'd Heaven's smile beyond earth's wealth;
Far from the thorny paths of life
They stood, a living lesson to their race,
Rich in the charities of life,
Man in his strength, and Woman in her grace;
In purity and love their pilgrim road they trod,
And when they served their neighbour felt they served
their God."

Now there may be, and there are, critical objections to some of the passages we have extracted, but, as a whole, they are full of vigour and deep feeling—there is little of that maudlin, slip-slop, conventional nonsense, that so often passes current for poetry; and a great deal of manly and original thought.

Next week, we shall have to notice Miss Mitford's American Stories, and may then say a few words more on American literature.

The Political Life of the Right Hon. George Canning, &c. By Augustus Granville Stapleton, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Longman & Co.

THIS work, written professedly for the purpose of vindicating the political system of Mr. Canning from the aspersions to which it has been exposed, is a valuable contribution to those materials from which history must be formed. It is written with very considerable ability; and though breathing, at times, more or less a spirit of partisanship, it can scarcely be pronounced other than impartial in its general tone.

As to the value of the principles to which Mr. Canning referred the general scheme of his policy—as to the consistency with which he applied those principles to our domestic, as well as our foreign relations, there may, of course, exist differences of opinion; but there can exist none, as to the fact, that Mr. Canning dealt the first deadly blow at the Holy Alliance; and, by doing so, paved the way for the regeneration of the continent, as well as for the ultimate triumph of reform in this country—although to the progress of the latter principle, he never ceased to profess himself hostile.

His opposition to reform will not, of course, conduce much to his popularity at the present moment; and the suspicion that may intrude itself into the minds of many—a suspicion that he was not himself the dupe of the arguments which he advanced upon the question—will not diminish the odium of his opinions on that point. It should be recollected, however, that at the period when Mr. Canning's influence began to preponderate in the cabinet, it was absolutely necessary to concede a great deal to the aristocracy, in order to preserve the power of serving the cause of freedom in any way whatever. Reform was obviously incompatible with the existence of the ruling power in Britain. Mr. Canning could not have secured the triumph of reform, even had he been disposed to aid the cause: nothing but a demonstration by the great majority of the middle classes—by the strength, in short, of the nation—could have carried, or can carry, that measure; and at the period to which we allude, the nation was comparatively indifferent to the whole question. By professing himself hostile to reform, Mr. Canning conciliated the aristocracy, and gained, in consequence, the means of enforcing a liberal and generous system in so far as our foreign relations were concerned—a system, the great principles of which have taken firm root throughout the most enlightened nations of the continent; and of which the re-action here is now felt in a manner which must paralyze the antagonists of popular rights.

We do not presume to advance this as an exposition of the motives by which Mr. Canning was really actuated in the attachment which he professed to principles so opposite as those which animated his foreign and domestic policy; but we do think that some such exposition might be plausibly urged on his behalf, and we therefore incline to allow his admirers the benefit of it.

The transparent fallacy of his arguments on the subject of reform, render them matters of curiosity at the present moment; and

they are strikingly absurd as condensed in the first volume of the present work.

The following account of the scheme of the Holy Alliance, is well worth consideration:—

"After the unprecedented convulsions which Europe had suffered,—after the disorganization and reconstruction of her monarchies which had been effected by Napoleon,—it could not be doubted that the Congress must have had to settle many conflicting interests; and that in so doing it would have been impossible not to have done violence to the feelings or prejudices of some few countries: but what the people of Europe hoped was, that the ties which bound them to the governments under which they had long lived happily would not be severed, for the mere interest or convenience of any favoured monarch; or that, if that monarch lost one million of subjects in one direction for the convenience of his brother-sovereign, he would not be indemnified in another, without at least regarding the happiness of those, who were thus to be made the means of indemnification.

"Against the adoption of principles and arrangements such as these, the people of Europe fondly hoped, that, coming with all the renown of victories by sea and land, which she had gained in the war, but above all, coming with clean hands herself to the decision of questions so difficult, Great Britain would have had both the wish and the power to protect them. They trusted that if 'the deliverance of Europe,' the watch-word that had so often echoed in their ears, meant anything, it meant not the deliverance alone from the oppressive dominion of Napoleon, but the deliverance from the unjustly-acquired dominion of any sovereign, whoever that sovereign might happen to be.

"It was, therefore, with feelings of unmixed alarm, that those countries, whose fate yet remained undecided, learnt that the act of the Congress, which first transpired, was, its determination to deprive the Genoese of their independence, and to make them over to their ancient enemy, the King of Sardinia; and, as if at once to blast the hopes of those who relied on England for protection, England was the very power selected to carry into execution this most unjust, if not perfidious decree. What made the transaction more particularly unfortunate, as far as England was concerned, was, that many very able and unprejudiced men thought, that her faith and honour were pledged to the preservation of Genoese independence.

"That this was not the case, was maintained, and perhaps successfully maintained, by the English ministry; but the mere possibility that a doubt should be cast upon the integrity of Great Britain, however unjust the aspersion might have been, was certainly injurious to her credit, which had hitherto been placed beyond the reach of suspicion, or controversy.

"This decision respecting Genoa was not compensated by the other arrangements of the Congress; which arrangements neither enhanced the reputation of this country, nor increased her claims of gratitude from others. The avowed object which the noble Lord, who had the conduct of the negotiations at Vienna, had in view, was not to see justice done to the weaker states; not to guard their independence, and to watch over their interests, thus securing the attachment of those whom he protected, and the respect likewise of those whom he resisted; but it was, as he did not scruple to declare, to effect 'the re-establishment and re-organization of those two great monarchies, Austria and Prussia, which to all practical purposes had been destroyed during the war.' Everything, accordingly, was made to yield to the accomplishment of this purpose. Venice, whom, after the treaty of Campo-Formio, Austria had deprived of independence, as a reward for having been

faithful to her in the war preceding that treaty, but whom she subsequently had been compelled to cede to Napoleon, was again made over to Austria. More than half of Saxony, in spite of the protestations of its sovereign, and the lamentations of its people, was granted to Prussia; and Poland was, for the third time, made the subject of partition between her original spoilers, although she was now, for the first time, so divided with the countenance and sanction of Great Britain. All this was done, as Lord Castlereagh stated in Parliament, for the sake of giving military positions, and 'flanks and rears,' to Austria and Prussia; and thereby securing whatever settlement of Europe the Congress should finally adopt; as if the real security of a government was to be found in fortresses and military positions, rather than in the attachment and fidelity of the people under its rule; and this in spite of the example so recently given in the downfall of Napoleon: for it is very remarkable, that, so long as that wonderful man was supported by the feelings and opinions of the people, he was unconquerable, while the monarchs who fought against him confirmed his power and lost their own. But when he had trampled upon national rights and predilections so far as to make the cause of his opponents the cause of the people, victory deserted his standard, and the tide of desolation was turned back, to devastate his own territories, and to involve him, and apparently his dynasty, in irretrievable destruction. But these arrangements of Lord Castlereagh were the result of our successful interference in continental politics; for the purpose of securing which, we on our part voluntarily consented to restore several valuable colonies which we had taken during the war!

"One concession, however, which was obtained from the Congress, and for the obtaining of which our influence was exerted, must not be overlooked. Russia, Prussia, and Austria, in conjunction with Great Britain, declared, that, they 'had each, in their respective dominions, prohibited their colonies and subjects from taking any part in the slave-trade; and they likewise engaged to concert together the most effectual measures for the entire and definitive abolition of that trade.' It is certainly a consolation to find even this solitary resolution, in the cause of humanity, adopted at the Congress; yet the declaration being only made by those of the continental powers which had neither colonies nor slaves, the effects of the measure were by no means equal to its pretensions.

"But though the principle of giving military positions to the different states of Europe, for their effectual defence against any attacks from those who might hereafter desire to disturb the settlement of the Continent, to be concluded at the Congress, was that by which Lord Castlereagh professed to be guided, it was one which was only partially maintained. The power, which, beyond all comparison, Europe had most to dread, from the vastness of its territory, and the amount of its population, was Russia: so sensible of this, indeed, was Lord Castlereagh, that previously to Napoleon's return from Elba, he actually signed a treaty with France and Austria, binding Great Britain and those two powers to unite in resistance to the ambitious designs of the northern potentate. Yet, notwithstanding these very wise alarms, and although, perhaps, the future safety of Europe depended on the erection of a strong barrier against Russia; although, too, the kingdom of Poland, if re-established, would have been that barrier, and, by insisting upon its restoration, England, had she succeeded, would have gained not only a great political object for herself and the rest of Europe, but likewise immortal honour, while, if she failed, she would have been in no worse situation, and would have been

spared the disgrace of consenting to its re-partition, still no attempts were made, or, if made, they were urged so feebly as to be disregarded, to apply towards Russia a principle so rigidly adopted, when weaker states were in question. Russia, therefore, (the power against whom, rather than for whom, 'flanks and rears' ought to have been provided,) was allowed to bear away the lion's share of Poland; Austria and Prussia being content to suffer it, because they were admitted to be partakers in the spoil.

"Neither was any effort made to restore the Finland provinces to Sweden, although these, if all Powers were to receive those territories which were most essential to their safety against foreign aggression, ought to have been ceded by the Czar: since they were at least as necessary to Sweden for security against Russia, as Genoa was to Italy, or to Sardinia, against France; with this difference, however, in the two cases, that while Sweden had the claim of ancient possession, and the plea of having been unjustly deprived of Finland by Russia, Sardinia had not the shadow of such a pretension on Genoa."

The work is literally a detail of Mr. Canning's public career, and does not therefore furnish many passages that admit of being detached with advantage from the body of the narrative. The whole is well worthy of perusal; and to the student of history we venture to recommend it—but it is not a work likely to interest readers generally.

The Siamese Twins; a Satirical Tale of the Times: with other Poems. By the author of 'Pelham.' London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

THAT this was a very questionable work, we heard long since. We happen to know that the publishers shook their heads at the speculation, and wished to decline it—but Mr. Bulwer differed from them, and here is the volume, ponderous enough for a satire on all the world and all ages of the world. But here it was not until it had been twice reviewed, with fulsome commendation and wearisome extract, in the publisher's *Literary Gazette*. Let us, however, do justice to the unaccustomed modesty of the trade critic; he acknowledges that though he has, as of course in duty bound, praised the book, he suspects others—that is, any other but a trade critic—will be less courteous, and may hold it up to scorn. We think it probable that they may. We infer that the publishers think so, for till the paid paragraphs had done their duty, and the *Gazette* "done its cunning,"—until the orders might reasonably be presumed on their way from east, west, north and south, not a second copy was permitted to pass the threshold of their warehouse. We are sure we do not weary our readers with exposures of such unworthy tricks—we put our whole trust in their good sense, and their love of sound literature, which has no chance of success until this blacking-system is put an end to by continued exposure. But how does Mr. Bulwer reconcile himself to this preliminary puffing of him in his own bookseller's Review? Mr. Bulwer is now a Member of Parliament, and we believe there is an act that enforces some special penalties for everything said tending to bring a member into contempt—we shall therefore say no more of this trade fame, but to mention, that others, although personally unknown to us, who have published with Messrs. Colburn, have not only expressed their indignation at it, but have

forwarded us copies of their work, lest they should be thought to be parties to it, acknowledging that their ambition was the good opinion of *independent men*. We have letters on our table in proof. We had some thoughts of operating on these Siamese this week—but circumstances have rather disarranged our plans, and we are unwilling to venture without due consultation with our learned and professional brethren. Next week we hope to be nerved for the occasion.

THE ALDINE POETS.

Poems of Cowper. 3 vols. London, 1831. Pickering.

William Cowper, one of the great restorers of English poetry to truth and nature, has been called a Calvinistic driveller, and the market-gardener of versifiers by Lord Byron: had the author of the 'Task' lived in these, our latter days, he would doubtless have numbered the noble bard with the graceless and the profane, and lamented loudly that he had bestowed immortality on scoundrels, cut-throats, and libertines. The estimate of the one, would likely have been as erroneous as that of the other, for, in truth, they were both a little mad: but then the madness of Cowper was not allowed to flow into his verse, whereas the madness of Byron is not a little visible in both his poetry and conduct. With the exception of a puritanic touch or two—not more,—the religion of Cowper is that of God and nature—he labours anxiously in the service of virtue and truth—he is a warm lover of his country too, and has recorded his love of her worth and sorrow for her follies in poems, which are composed in the most manly and vigorous English. The mind of the noble Byron was tainted deeply with much of the evil of his day. In his poetry he scorns everything—he loves nothing;—his chief hero, Childe Buron, afterwards disguised into Childe Harold, is a decided impersonation of himself, with all his evil and not much of his good about him—he wanders over the earth crying out like the false spies in scripture, "The water is naught, and the ground barren," and sings a hymn worthy of an angel of darkness, to make mankind unhappy. In 'Don Juan,' we have still the old man with his deeds—the clever young reprobate laughs at everything, and believes in nothing, and exhibits the utter heartlessness of his great creator, in a way which makes us fear and loathe him. No wonder, therefore, that he disliked Cowper, who had little in common with him, but genius and high descent. As they differed in their lives, so will they in their fame. Byron with all his loftiness of thought and burning vigour of language, has notwithstanding less sympathy with his fellow-mortals than Cowper, and must, we apprehend, be satisfied with fewer worshippers.

We have said that Cowper was a little mad: he was only so for a season, and that, chiefly, when he was stung and goaded by his friends to undertakings above his strength; or had his sensitive mind plagued and pestered with captious queries and scruples in religion. Of those who pressed sorest in these latter matters, the most tenacious and troublesome was a reverend divine: in the eyes of that over-righteous person, a ride in a coach was a thing in itself sinful—keeping of social company, was a denying of Christ—

and the harmless or necessary indulgence in easy chairs at home, and cushions in the church, was a backsliding, meriting wholesome admonition and spiritual stripes. In addition to that ghostly monitor, his weakness had admitted a couple of ladies into his household—between whom disunion, as might have been foreseen, broke out; and the remotest rafter in his habitation rung with their shrill clamour and unrelenting hostility. One of these—a woman, whose fine taste and originality of mind suggested 'The Task,' as well as 'John Gilpin'—had acquired an importance in the eyes of the poet displeasing to her companion, whose humbler talents were powerful in the kitchen, and in all household things. Discord cannot dwell with poetry, any more than it did in Eden: the grosser spirit prevailed in this contest; and the consequence was, that the cleverest, if not the kindest one, was expelled. When this broil was over and order restored, demons of another kind came upon the stage, and invaded the repose of the unfortunate bard. If we can rely upon a letter, published in the correspondence of Pinkerton, which professes to derive its information from one of the relatives of the poet, Cowper imagined that evil spirits, in the shape of women, haunted his house, and forced their way into his chamber: nay, that such was their malice, that they actually appeared in the person and dress of the worthy lady who ruled in his household. We do not marvel greatly at the mistake which the poet made, but we cannot but smile to think that he declared it needed no little scrutiny to convince him sometimes of the earthly origin of the worthy dame. We have not been informed if the shape ever came in the likeness of a priest.

The demon who appeared next, we think, was the darkest of all—he came in the shape of a critic,

Abhorred by men, and dreadful even to gods.

When Cowper had written his glorious 'Task,' and other poems of great and singular merit, he supposed he had nearly said all he had to say, and looked round for some employment to keep the fiends, who came in the semblance of ladies, at bay. An accomplished scholar—a ripe and mature one, he doubtless was—more conversant with the divine father of song in his own tongue than any poet who had tried to translate him, and moreover little disposed to admire the glittering version of Pope—once and still so popular,—he therefore conceived the idea of translating Homer into the vigorous language of 'The Task,' and as he was an ardent man, he made rapid progress. Now, when the translation began to pass through the press, Fuseli, the painter, who abounded as much in vanity as he did in Greek, began to take its accuracy to task. This man spent a long life endeavouring to paint like Michael Angelo, and say witty things worthy of Butler; and imagined himself at once the best scholar and genius and wit of the age. Without question, he alarmed Cowper at first; but the poet rallied in time, and soon perceived that the Swiss was one of those dreamers, who looked for things unequalled yet in prose or rhyme, and whose admiration of Greek was so boundless, that he believed the English of Shakspeare and Milton to be utterly unworthy of being named beside it. He adopted some of his emendations—dis-

missed others to empty air, and gave the world his 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' in English.

We hold that the melodious and sparkling version of Pope has so much charmed our ears and dazzled our eyes, that we are in a manner become incapable of relishing the nobler translation of Cowper. His Homer is nervous and moving, and everywhere written in the most sinewy English, and, moreover, gives us an idea of a truly original poet, in which the labours of Pope utterly fail. It is true, that Cowper is sometimes flat and unelevated—often harsh and literal—makes frequent use of common words, and expresses himself in the simplicity of the old bard, over some of whose images his courtly brother threw a veil as resplendent and invulnerable as that with which Venus covered Æneas. But then he never withdraws or dilutes—he generally gives line for line—disdains to hide a homely simile under general expressions; and, in short, differs so much in matter and in manner, that the Homer of Cowper and the Homer of Pope are two distinct poems. Nor is it in passages of masculine vigour alone that he excels. His description of the cestus of Venus, for instance, transcends that of all other translators:—

It was an ambush of sweet snares, replete
With love, desire, soft intercourse of hearts,
And music of resistless whispered sounds,
Which from the wisest win their best resolves.

The version of Pope, much as it has been praised, fades away before it: it is neither so simple, so poetic, nor so like Homer:

In this was every art and every charm,
To win the wisest and the coldest warm;
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire,
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.

We shall transcribe one brief passage in another style. Achilles, having obtained armour from Vulcan, arms himself in the midst of his myrmidons, to revenge the fall of Patroclus:—

He gnashed his teeth, fire glimmered in his eyes,
Anguish intolerable wrung his heart,
And fury against Troy, whilst he put on
Those glorious arms, the labour of a god.

Cowper has less of the fire and impetuosity of Homer than could be wished; but it will be difficult to surpass him in accuracy and graphic simplicity. Agamemnon throws his spear at an enemy, whom he could not otherwise reach—we see it as it flies and strikes:

The Pelian ash
Started right through the buckler, and it rang.

Let this short specimen suffice of the vigour and homeliness of his style.

We have a word or two to say of the three handsome volumes before us. The printer has done his duty; and much praise is also due to the person who compiled the memoir: he has made a conscientious use of his materials, and been kind and indulgent to failings over which the illustrious poet had no control. The truth must, however, be told—this great moral poet of the people demands a better memoir—one which gives us a fuller view of the man—exhibits a more graphic image of his household—deals more boldly with his companions, male and female—and enters more largely into the spirit and genius of his poetry. In all this Hayley comparatively failed; nor has the writer before us succeeded. We know that such a work would be no easy task; that the mental infirmities of Cowper, at once changeable,

and partaking of the very inspiration which dictated his verse, together with the delicacy to be observed towards the living, as well as the dead, would require a master's hand. A memoir of this high character may be prayed for, but hardly expected; yet, till such is done, the country is without a fitting life of one of the worthiest of our latter poets.

Lives of the Italian Poets. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A. M.R.S.L. 3 vols.

WE resume, with pleasure, our promised extracts from this clever and interesting work. The following anecdotes will show that it is rich in sources of amusement, as well as sound observation and instruction. From the life of Ariosto we take one or two traits of character, and the reader will find many more as good:—

"From a fear probably that his son might entirely lose his taste for study if he confined him to that of the law, Niccolò was induced to desist from his intended plans. Having seen him, therefore, reach the age of twenty without exhibiting any signs of legal ability, he had the good sense to call him home, and again free him to the cultivation of general literature. This, however, does not appear to have been done till he had employed his authority and reproaches, again and again, to no purpose. Lodovico cherished the most respectful affection for his parent, but in this one point he strove in vain to exercise it, and perhaps considered it as a duty by no means imperative to sacrifice his feelings and the peace of his life to the hope of making a fortune. A curious anecdote is related to show how impenetrable he was to all exhortations on the subject. It happened one day that Niccolò was more than usually severe in expressing himself respecting the indifference and idleness of which he was guilty. The young poet seemed to listen attentively, but made no attempt at defending himself, till his father went out of the room, when his brother Gabriel, who had been present at the interview, renewed the attack. On this, the accused commenced a serious argument on the points in dispute, and made out so clear a case, that his brother asked in astonishment, why he had not answered his father in a similar manner! 'Because,' replied Lodovico, 'while he was storming, my mind was wholly occupied with observing his words and actions, for in a scene of the play I am writing, I introduce a young man and his father disputing as we have been.'" ii. 33—5.

"A singular instance is on record illustrative of the popularity he enjoyed:—being obliged one day to pass over a wild part of the district, the forests of which were known to be the resort of banditti, led by the celebrated chiefs Dominico Marocco and Filippo Pacchione, he was somewhat disconcerted at seeing his path crossed by a large body of armed men coming out of the woods. As he was attended by only six followers, resistance to an attack he knew would be vain. Neither he nor his party, however, encountered any interruption till his servant, who had loitered behind, on coming up, was asked by one of the banditti who the gentleman was that had just passed them. Being answered that it was Ariosto the poet, he immediately spurred his horse forward, and, pulling off his hat as he approached him, said that he was Filippo Pacchione, and was come to apologize for having suffered so great a man as Ariosto to pass him unsaluted." ii. 53-4.

"On his return to Ferrara he again established himself, with his two unmarried sisters, in the house he had built near the church of St. Benedict, and resumed his former occupations. Of his lighter amusements, gardening was that in

which he took most pleasure; and it is curious to know that he was as fond of altering the plan of both his house and grounds, as he was of remodelling the stanzas of the Orlando. His son Virginio proposed writing an account of his illustrious father's life; but, unfortunately, he never pursued his design beyond the commencement, and a few memorandums are all that have come down to us. From these, however, we learn the singular fastidiousness of Ariosto in his horticultural amusements, and some other traits of his character, which render him not the less an object of our veneration, by showing us the simplicity as well as power of his mind. 'In gardening,' says Virginio, 'he pursued the same plan as with his verses, never leaving anything he had planted more than three months in the same place; and, if he set a fruit tree, or sowed seed of any kind, he would go so often to examine it, and see if it were growing, that he generally ended with spoiling or breaking off the bud. As his knowledge also of flowers was very limited, he many times mistook the plants which might be springing up by chance in the neighbourhood, for those he had set, and he would watch them with the greatest care till he was put beyond doubt as to his mistake. I remember, that having once sown some caper-seed, he went every day to see what progress they were making, and was delighted, in a short time, with observing that they flourished extraordinarily well: he at last, however, discovered, that he had mistaken a young elder-bush for his capers, and that his plants were not yet above ground.'" ii. 57-8.

Of the singular and eccentric Ariosto—the great scourge of monarchs, and the vainest of all satirists—many curious sallies and good things are related.

"It is supposed that about this time his income was rendered very considerable by pensions, and the sale of his works, which were rapidly circulated immediately on their appearance. So much were they esteemed by many persons, that a Spanish prince was accustomed to send a courier to Rome, for the sole purpose of procuring Ariosto publications the instant they came from the press. Nor were these the only instances of regard he received from the nobles and the public in general. He was visited by the greatest princes, and by every description of persons who made any pretension to fashion or literature. Among the former was the Marquis of Monterrat, who both came to see him at Venice and invited him to his palace. While mentioning this circumstance to a friend in one of his epistles, he takes the opportunity of informing him at the same time of the prodigious popularity he enjoyed; and it is not a little amusing to hear how the book-binder of Perugia, who made his journey to Rome on foot, and with no other wealth than the clothes on his back, could describe his present prosperity and importance. 'My head is broken,' says he, in his usual style, 'with the incessant visits of lords, and my steps are worn away with their continual treading on them, as the pavement of the Capitol was worn by the wheels of triumphant chariots. Nor do I believe, by the way, that Rome ever saw such a concourse of people of all ages, as that which besieges my house; Turks, Jews, Indians, French, Germans, and Spaniards, are always seeking me, and you may imagine how it is with our Italians. Of the inferior kind of people I say nothing, since it is easier to draw you from your devotion to the Emperor, than to see me a moment without soldiers, scholars, friars, or priests: I seem, indeed, to have become a very oracle of truth, some one or other coming continually to tell me of the faults committed by this or that prince or prelate, by which means I am made, as it were, the secretary of the world at large, and I beg you will address me as such.'" ii. 147—9.

The great epic poet, Tasso, was subject to some strange delusions, of which the following is a specimen:—

"Tasso, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, had as many friends as most men, and the Marchese della Villa was one of the warmest. Contented with rambling about the hills and wood, amid which the monastery was embosomed, the poet resisted as long as he could all the invitations of his acquaintances to visit their houses. But Manso, a man of elegant mind, and whose perception of Tasso's feelings was as quick as his desire to soothe them, won his confidence, and rendered his society agreeable to him by that unobtrusive but warm friendship, which is especially acceptable to a mind so desirous of sympathy, yet so irritable and suspicious as that of Tasso. Having thus gained the confidence of the poet, Manso at length succeeded in persuading him to accompany him to his estate at Bisaccio. Besides the beautiful situation of the villa, Tasso there enjoyed the society of numerous persons distinguished for their talents, while to the graver pleasures of literary conversation were added the lighter ones of gay and splendid assemblies, in which the Marquis sought to dissipate the melancholy of his venerated guest by light and festive music, and the songs of improvisatori, whose facility of versifying he is reported to have said he envied, nature having denied him the command of such fluency. But his mind was still under the dominion of the strange illusions which had begun to affect it before he left the hospital of St. Anna. A change, however, it is worthy of remark, had in some degree taken place in the character of his supernatural visitants. While in the hospital, and agitated night and day by the apprehension of secret enemies, he was haunted by a demon whose chief attribute was a malicious cunning. Now that he was restored to freedom, and had been able to seek repose, and pass his time in meditating amid the grand and soothing scenes of nature, his intercourse was with a loftier spirit—with one that seemed to meet his thoughts midway to heaven, and to be sent to make his meditations more solemn and sublime. Manso, in a letter to the Prince of Conca, written while Tasso was staying at Bisaccio, gives a full account of the circumstances respecting the poet's supernatural visitant, having received the particulars from his own mouth as they used to sit conversing together before the fire. The writer observes that he had used all the arguments in his power to convince him that his visions were the effect of a disordered imagination, showing the improbability of their reality from the consideration that he had no reason to fear that demons would be permitted to torment him, and that it would be presumptuous to suppose that an angel would be visibly sent for his consolation. To these arguments Tasso replied, that the uniform character of the vision with which he had now for some time past been haunted, disproved the idea of its not being real, imagination working more capriciously and wildly. He remarked also, that the mind had not the power of reasoning distinctly, while deluded by fancy, whereas he had held many and long and continued conversations with the spirit which attended him, and had heard from it things which neither he nor any other man had ever before heard, or read, or known. 'To which remark,' observes Manso, 'I still continued to object, till one day in the heat of our argument, he said, 'Since I cannot convince you by reason, I will undeceive you by experience, and will make you see with your own eyes the spirit which you will not believe in from my words.' I accepted the proposal, and the following day, while we were sitting alone by the fire, he turned his face towards the window, on which he fixed his eyes, and when I spoke to him, he made no answer. At last, he said, 'See! the friendly

spirit has courteously come to speak to me; attend, and you will perceive the truth of my words." I instantly turned my eyes in the direction to which he pointed, but though I looked intently, could perceive nothing except the rays of the sun, which entered the room through the window. While, however, I was looking, I heard Torquato commence a most sublime conversation with something or other, for though I neither saw nor heard any one but himself, his words, as he propounded and replied, were like those used by a person in earnest debate." 129.

In the life of Parini, Italy's noblest moral poet and satirist, we meet with the following:

"The Austrian throne, in the meantime, was ascended by Leopold the Second, and on his passing through Milan, he performed an act of generosity which well became his imperial character. Happening to see, as he was passing through one of the streets, a venerable-looking man, who, dreadfully lame and infirm, was helping himself along with a stick, he asked one of his courtiers if he knew who it was. 'It is Parini,' was the reply; and the Emperor, astonished and distressed that a man of such celebrity and genius should be forced to labour in so bad a state of health through the streets on foot, immediately ordered that a larger stipend should be paid him, but to the disgrace of those whose duty it was to fulfil the royal commands, Parini was left to make the best of his crutch and narrow stipend as before. . . .

"It is not to be wondered at that Parini, distinguished by so many noble principles, was beloved and honoured by all who had not some dishonest interest to protect, which his virtuous and manly sentiments endangered. His influence with people was remarkably shown in a circumstance mentioned both by Reina and Mr. Hobhouse. According to the former, some violent demagogue wanted to force him one evening at the theatre, to join the mob in crying Death to the aristocrats, instead of which, he shouted with so terrible a voice, 'Live the Republic! death to no one!' that tranquillity was immediately restored. The square opposite the theatre where this occurred, is still pointed out to the stranger as the scene of one of the best triumphs of virtue and a good character over popular feeling, that can be found recorded in history." 273.

One more from that wild and passionate son of genius, Alfieri,—an encounter with his hair-dresser,—and we have done.

"He knew no one at Madrid but a young watch-maker, whom he had seen in Holland; and thus he led, he says, more the life of a bear than of a man. This want of society contributed also to increase his natural disposition to melancholy, and the violence of his temper, which neither experience nor philosophy as yet assisted him to subdue. An instance of the licence he allowed his passion occurred during his residence at Madrid, which had nearly proved of a still more serious character. It was his custom before retiring to bed to have his hair, a greater source of trouble to men of fashion in those days than at present, put in order by Elia. On the occasion in question, the young watch-maker, a man of some talent and knowledge of the world, had been spending the evening with him, and they were still conversing together while the servant was proceeding with dressing Alfieri's head. In the course of the process the unfortunate domestic happened accidentally to twitch one of the hairs rather harder than was agreeable, on which the infuriated master sprang from his seat, and seizing a candlestick from the table, struck him a blow on the right temple with all his strength. The blood gushed copiously forth, and Alfieri's guest thinking that he was suddenly taken delirious, instantly endeavoured to secure him. Elia at the same moment put himself in a position to revenge the injury he had received,

and as his master had armed himself with a sword that stood in the room, the death of one of the parties seemed inevitable. The watch-maker had sufficient to do to prevent this from becoming the fatal consequence of his friend's fury. Elia was a large and very powerful man, and was not inferior to his master in resolution; happily, however, the domestics of the house were alarmed by the noise of the fray, and, rushing into the apartment, they succeeded by main force in separating the combatants." iii. 331-2.

Orlando ed Ariosto, &c. By Panizzi. Vol. III. London, Pickering.

We are happy, while on the subject of Italian literature, to announce an additional volume (the third) of Professor Panizzi's *Romantic Poets of Italy—the facile principes* of their tribe. It appears got up with the same learned care and attention we have remarked in the preceding volumes. The materials, consisting wholly of the Italian text, have been collated, we are told, with several rare and splendid editions of early date, entrusted to the accomplished editor by some noble collectors, for that special purpose.

An Introduction to the Differential and Integral Calculus. By James Thomson, LL.D. Professor of Mathematics in Belfast College. Belfast, 1831. Simms & McIntyre.

In this country the method of studying the higher parts of analysis has undergone almost a complete revolution within the last few years. From an extreme veneration for Newton, and perhaps a tinge of national jealousy, our mathematicians continued to employ the principles and notation of fluxions, while their continental competitors were far outstripping them in the career of science, through the use of a more powerful calculus, and a better notation. The merit of effecting the change is chiefly due to Messrs. Peacock, Babbage, and Herschel, whose translation of Lacroix's treatise doubly benefited science, by, in a great measure, dispensing with the use of the method of fluxions, and by rendering a valuable work generally accessible to our countrymen.

A cheap elementary treatise in the vernacular tongue, on the Differential and Integral Calculus, was a desideratum which, we think, Dr. Thomson has satisfactorily supplied. His introduction is abundantly simple for the comprehension of beginners. He has judiciously founded it on the excellent principle of Lagrange, which has so clarified the theory of the Differential and Integral Calculus. That principle, hitherto considered too difficult to be introduced in an elementary work, has been reduced to a simple mode of application, and the investigations based upon it are rendered almost as short and easy as by the method of limits. In addition to a number of interesting propositions, with their solutions, the volume contains an outline of the theory of Finite Differences, with its application in interpolations and series; and a brief sketch of the Calculus of Variations. Dr. Thomson has materially facilitated the labours of the mathematical student.

Stories from the History of Italy. By Anne Manning. London, 1831. Baldwin & Co.

HISTORICAL tales are just now the fashion of our literature, and not a bad fashion either; for young people, and all, indeed, but professed or habitual students, are best instructed where their feelings are most interested. The history of Italy is full of the romance of public and private life. Miss Manning's connected series of its tales is interesting, but hardly so much so as we had anticipated; she has very little graphic skill, she

translates and transfers the anecdotes and the story bodily into her pages; she need not have been less faithful, had she trusted more to her own power of description; still her book will be a valuable addition to a juvenile library.

Sonnets and Miscellaneous Poems. By Henry Martin. Birmingham, Langbridge; London, Whittaker & Co.

OF Mr. Martin's poems we wish we could speak favourably. The best wishes however are often disappointed.

Poems Sacred and Miscellaneous. By James Gilborne Lyons. Dublin, Curry.

A small volume, ushered modestly into the world, containing much pleasing poetry, which never sinks below mediocrity, and occasionally rises above it.

PAMPHLETEER

Observations on the Causes of the Evils resulting from the Tithe System; with Suggestions for a Remedy. By a Barrister. London, H. Butterworth.

THIS is a sensible and well-timed production. The mischievous effects of the present tithe system are clearly stated. The remedy which the author proposes, is the following:—

"Whenever, therefore, a landowner, who has an estate of freehold, or such a beneficial estate in leasehold property as may be considered tantamount to a fee simple, (as, a term of 300 or 500 years,) should be desirous of redeeming his property from the payment of tithe, it should be necessary for him to give the ordinary and the tithe-owner notice of such his desire; and it should not be in the power of the tithe-owner to refuse his consent to such redemption. No person, however, other than the owner of the land, should be able to redeem the tithes arising out of his land. The tithe must then be valued by competent surveyors, to be nominated by the parties; and the sum so ascertained, paid by the landowner into the Bank of England, to the account of certain commissioners, called 'The Commissioners for the Redemption of Tithe,' in the matter of the parish of —, in the county of —. The money so invested to be laid out under the inspection of certain authorized persons in the purchase of lands, to be thenceforth considered as glebe, and to belong to the incumbent, for the time being, of the parish redeemed from tithe; and in the meantime, until such purchase can be effected, to be invested in the funds, and the interest of it to be paid to the Incumbents. The whole, or any number of landowners in a parish, might be allowed to unite for the purpose of redeeming at the same time, so that the same survey might be sufficient for all the parties, and the expense by that means diminished. If, from the situation and possession of the property in the parish, it should be thought equally advantageous to the Incumbent to receive an allotment of land in lieu of tithe, the persons authorized by the Act of Parliament to effect the redemption, might be empowered to make such allotment, instead of the tithe being redeemed by money. The expense of such redemption to be borne by the parties equally, and tenants for life or other limited interests, trustees and other persons not having free power of alienation over the property, might be authorized to raise money by mortgage, sufficient for the purpose of carrying the redemption into execution. Those landlords, who, under the act, should redeem their property from the payment of tithe, should be permitted to add to the rent of the land redeemed, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money they may have expended in effecting such redemption, and which should be payable at the same time and recoverable by the same

means, as the rent may be by the terms of the lease or holding." p. 17—19.

The plan would certainly be worth a trial. It would, at all events, obviate, in a short time, many of the evils under which the country at present suffers.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

— qui miscuit utile dulci.

Tho' thy lip no more is beautiful, no longer
bright thine eye,—
I'll thank thee for a little piece of that hot
apple-pie;
And tho' thy cheek has lost its hue, by years
and sorrow chased,
Yet, dearest! yet,—I'll trouble thee for one
more bit of paste.
What tho' thy step is dull'd and slow—come
take a glass of wine;
A thousand charms are left thee still—these
plums are very fine!
Thy heart, dear girl, is still unchanged, still
warm is my esteem—
And love and joy shall still be ours—do taste
this clouted cream.
Ah! bards may sing, and maids believe—some
butter if you please,
That flow'rs for ever—won't you take some
porter with your cheese?
But trust me, dearest, youth will fade—this
Gloster's rather stale,
But love can feel no change, dear Jane—one
other glass of ale!
Yes! Hope revives, and tho' we've past—the
Silton's very nice,
Thro' life's drear pathways, thorn bestrown—
I'll take a single slice.
Linked hand in hand, thro' life we'll go—I fear
you're rather cold,
Loving and loved, and lovely still—this port is
very old!

T. M.

MARY, I almost thought I loved,
'Twas my mistake,—Mary;
An idle dream it since has proved,
I'm now awake,—Mary.
Yet ere we part, my too fond heart
One prayer would make,—Mary;
A prayer in lieu of an *à Dieu*,
The Devil take—Mary.

SUCKLING, JUN.

CRITICISM.

"Quelle manière de procéder est-ce que celle? faire consister le jugement du public en de telles pièces?"—*Bayle*.

To eat and to be eaten, is the great law of nature. The noblest animals are the prey of parasitical insects, and authors are but the appropriated diet of critics. If a miserable hydatid, (an animalcule possessing only the simplest elements of an organized existence,) when developed in the brain of a Newton, is a sufficient cause for the death of the philosopher, the author of two goodly octavos has no right to complain, when he becomes the breakfast of a "doer of articles," endowed with a vitality that never exceeded sixteen pages. Authors are public characters; and public characters are the property of every individual who can by any means convert them into pounds, shillings, and pence. The art of criticism in itself is therefore a lawful art; and, like everything else in *rerum naturâ*, it enters for its part into the great design of general utility. Authors are an overweening race, and they would

grow too rampant and "cockish," if their superabundant animal spirits were not moderated, and kept within "some reasonable compass," by the rod of the periodicals. The French epigram, indeed, asserts, that good critics are made from bad authors, as spoiled wine becomes excellent vinegar: but this is only a jest, or, at best, the writer of it was himself "*orfèvre maître Josse*," and spoke according to his calling. *Corruptio optimi*, however, as the wisdom of nations has it, is *pesima*; and in proportion to the healing excellence of well-applied castigation, is the injury done to the "inditers of good matter," and to the public at large, by the punishments inflicted by unskilful and perverse critics, who convert the wholesome nourishment which reviews should offer to the babes and sucklings, their subscribers, into a deadly poison. The Athenæum having undertaken to eradicate some of the more noxious weeds which the flourishing state of periodical literature has suffered to grow up in the field of criticism, (or, speaking in the language of Christians, to correct the more flagrant abuses of reviewers,) may afford to admit the following remarks into its columns, without apprehension of their being levelled at its own practice. "Let the galled jade wince; our withers are unwrung."

The modern art of criticism, as distinguished from the labours of the Scaligers, the Scioppiuses, and the Casaubons, seems to have had its origin in the disputes between the Roman and the reformed churches, whose respective partisans promoted peace on earth and good-will towards man, by attacking the writings of their adversaries in pamphlets and libels, which, for their good faith and justice, were the very types and models of what is called the "leading article" of a modern party Review. The desultory warfare thus waged, was, by the multiplication of books, converted into a regular crusade; and periodical criticism arose—bringing with it into the world all the virulence and calumny of its immediate parents. In addition to this inheritance, reviewing, in the progress of time, became infected with another vice, derived from the cupidity of booksellers. The leading object of the trader, by whose capital this branch of literature was brought into the market, was to procure his articles at the cheapest possible rate. The learning and research which marked the critics of the old school disappeared under such tradesman-like parsimony, and a maudlin, mawkish, self-sufficiency, mixed with sectarian animosity, dictated the judgments which were then palmed on the public, as infallible criterions of books and authors. The style of these criticisms was as vapid and lackadaisical, as the matter was hazarded and false; and the poverty of the whole concern laid it open to the most paltry venality. At the period alluded to, five guineas was the price current of an *ex parte* article in the great majority of the periodicals of the day; enabling alike the author, or his bitterest enemy, to impose on the public.

Under mismanagement thus blighting, the art of criticism was fast falling into contempt and neglect, when politicians took it under their wing, as a fit instrument for their own purposes. The lavish prodigality of a corrupt government engaged writers of the first class to maintain its cause; and the

most gifted of the opposition did not disdain to review their tory enemies with all the wit, talent, and severity of which they were the unquestioned masters. Thus supported, reviewing rose at once into popularity, and acquired a development unknown to its most florid prosperity in the old times. The increased ability of the new order of critics was, however, compensated by the increase of passion they brought to their task. The attainment of truth was made subordinate to the propagation of party opinions; and, in cases of especial displeasure, the literary character of the work under review, and the personal probity of the author, were calumniated, for the vilest purposes of deception as regards the public, and of oppression towards the individual. To drive a political opponent from the field, by blasting his reputation, or breaking his spirit, was the triumph of the art; while the pecuniary interests of the publisher were forwarded by the piquant attraction which malice and a perverse dexterity conferred on the journal in which they were exhibited to an admiring world. Far be it, however, from me to assert, that all this is radically wrong. Party interest must be supported; tossing a jacobin in a blanket is a very loyal amusement; and an executioner is not expected to sympathise with the feelings of his patient: but then, what has all this to do with legitimate criticism?

The fashion of unmerited severity towards foes, and of a corresponding bolstering of the reputation of friends, being once set, it was not easily confined to the patriotic purpose of "saving the state." The gratification of personal feelings is very tempting. A tory may be, otherwise, a monstrously unpleasant fellow; and there are radicals who are not contented with a liberal writer, if he belongs not to their own *clique*, and is not a bit of a black-guard into the bargain. Then, there are so many Dr. Fells in the world, whose undefinable offences require castigation!

Within the last few years, a new change has come over the spirit of periodical literature, which, to the influence of party, has added the influence of booksellers. The greater number of modern works are directed only to serve a temporary and transient purpose; and their existence is as limited as their end. Before the public can form its own opinions on the merits of a volume, "the date of knock is out," and its place is supplied by a new candidate for popularity. The publisher, therefore, must try to force his goods on the world's notice, and persuade the purchaser, that the ware has a special and urgent claim on his attention. He is thus driven to obtain a mastery over as many periodicals as he can command; and for this purpose he not only avails himself of the powers of persuasion, which his expenditure on advertisements confers (and even the loose sheets appended to all stitched brochures, are duly paid for); but, if he be a man of capital and enterprise, he launches one or more nice little periodicals of his own, in which he puffs away his own friends *usque ad delicias votorum*, and falls with an unsparing hand on the works of his rivals. To this abuse the Athenæum has repeatedly called public attention; but the facts cannot be too often adverted to, since none but the parties interested can be aware of the ex-

tent of the evil, or of the number of general readers who are the dupes of the deception. The old orthodoxy of believing whatever is in print, is still by no means confined to the least educated classes.

Booksellers have been ungratefully stigmatized by authors, as stupid fellows. "Lintot dull rogue," and "the cormorant on the tree of knowledge," are not solitary sarcasms against the trade. Yet many and many an author owes his happiest success to the incomparable ingenuity of his publisher's puffs. The art, *finesse*, and *curiosa felicitas*, with which these are frequently constructed, transcend the utmost ability of a mere author. Publishers alone can acquire the necessary tact for such compositions; and, for fancy, richness of colouring, delicacy of insinuation, and variety of frame-work, we might back the great *magister artis ingenique largitor* of — street, against Sir Walter himself. It is bruited, indeed, that he means to collect his widely-dispersed lucubrations, the *disjecta membra poetæ* into two handsome volumes, and to transmit them to bibliopole posterity as models, embracing all the elegance, without the tedium, of the French Academy *éloges*. But success is too apt to beget carelessness; and latterly it has happened, that, in the press of business, and overwhelming bustle of the book season, some puffs of a less finished excellence, have been launched from the great *officina*, which have brought these matters into disrepute. Still, it must be admitted that the art has principally suffered by bungling imitators, and by the obstinacy of certain journals in persisting to head the article with a well-leaded "advertisement." This, one might imagine sufficient to open the eyes of the most credulous; and it has, in fact, done much mischief: but still the practice continues; which proves to demonstration, that gudgeons are a prolific race; and that they will bite at anything.

To make matters worse, and to multiply the sources of unsound criticism, even the daily journals now dabble in literature; and such is the just confidence of the editors in the *bonhomie* of the public, that they will venture to review a quarto of five hundred pages, on the very morning after its appearance! To be sure they will do as much by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's budget, or a treaty between all the crowned heads in Europe. But then, if all publicists and reporters are born politicians, there is no judging of the contents of a book before the cutting of the sheets. This branch of reviewing, influential on the destinies of authors by its wide circulation, is released from the usual responsibilities of editorship. Reviewing is not the ground of a newspaper's success; the practice is an *hors d'œuvre*, a mere stop-gap, when there are no debates to fill the columns: it leads, therefore, to no consequence; and it is open to every "skyey influence" either of party intrigue or individual malice. Add to this, that a thriving bookseller spends very many thousands per annum with the press in regular advertising, and in those puffs, remote, collateral, or direct, which, assuming the form of editorial paragraphs, are always concocted (as has been stated) by the bookseller, and paid for on somewhat higher terms than an ordinary advertisement.† To suppose that this money

is altogether without its effect in determining the character of newspaper criticisms on books, is to deny the most familiar workings of human nature.

(To be continued.)

HALLEY'S COMET, OR THE COMET OF 1834.

[MENTION was made, in the report of the Astronomical Society's last meeting, of a communication, by Mr. Lubbock, on the orbit of this celebrated comet. The subject just now engrosses a great deal of the attention of our astronomers; and, we have no doubt, the following, by Dr. Hartman, of Berlin, will be read with interest.]

There are few comets which are visible to the naked eye, and on this account the comet, whose return figures among the calculated memorabilia of the year 1834, is entitled to an early and special notice. Of the heavenly creations of its own class, it is of this one that it can be predicted with the greatest certainty, that it travels round the sun, and that we are accurately acquainted with the period of its revolution—facts which are the result of four several opportunities which the world has enjoyed of watching its course. Such are the considerations which justify and induce me to take a glance at its history.

So far as modern observations reach, this comet was seen, for the first time, in the year 1465, and it approached to a distance of 11,700,000 miles from the sun, on the 8th of June in that year. It came near the Earth, and under very favourable circumstances; presenting itself with peculiar splendour and remarkable brilliancy; travelling with a tail which extended over a third portion of the firmament, and affording a spectacle of far greater beauty than it has ever exhibited since those times.

Its next appearance was in 1531; and, on the 25th day of August, it was at a distance of 11,600,000 miles from the sun. The period of its revolution was, therefore, ascertained to be seventy-five years, two months, and seventeen days. Its appearance differed greatly from that just described. Appian, who observed it, relates, that it had no tail whatever, but was what is termed a *bearded comet*—its whole circumference being encircled by an equal effulgence at every point; and, inasmuch as this halo had no defined edging, it appeared to be hairy or bearded. It may have had a tail, though, from the unfavourable circumstances which accompanied the comet's appearance on this occasion, it was not discernible by the naked eye.

Calculating each of its revolutions at seventy-five years, the return of this comet might have been predicted for the year 1606 or 1607; and, in fact, it did return, for the third time, in 1607. It approached nearest to the sun on the 26th of October, when it was 11,750,000 miles distant from it. The period of its revolution had consequently been seventy-six years, two months, and one day—one twelvemonth longer than the preceding; whence, it is obvious, that its progress had been disturbed by some planet, or other strange body. It was of considerable magnitude, its head being of the size of the planet Jupiter; but its light was weak and nebulous: it had a long tail, and this was also feeble in its rays, as if overcast with vapours. The revolution of this comet having been of seventy-five or seventy-six years' duration, it followed, that its return would occur in 1682, or 1683.

This calculation was confirmed by its re-appearance in 1682, when its nearest approximation to the sun took place on the 14th of September, on which day it was distant from it 11,650,000 miles. It was now, for the first time, observed, with any degree of accuracy, by

Halley, from whom it has consequently been denominated "Halley's Comet." This astronomer compared the results of his several observations with those made on the comets of the years 1607 and 1531, and found them closely to correspond with one another; from which he was led to infer, that the three appearances belonged to one and the same body. On this occasion, its revolution amounted to seventy-four years, ten months, and eighteen days—giving a mean duration of seventy-five years and one half.

Halley predicted the return of the comet in the year 1759: at first, however, it seemed as if the event would not realize the prediction, as the comet was tardy in appearing; but, to the delight of every astronomer, it became visible at last, and put an end to the doubt which had hitherto existed as to the durable nature of such bodies as comets. It attained its solar elevation on the 13th of March, when its distance from the sun was 11,650,000 miles, and was of inferior size to what it had been on its last appearance. Its tail was but lightly illuminated, and not discernible, except when the sky was clear; on which account no precise judgment could be formed of its length: the weakness of its irradiation was principally owing to its unfavourable position. Its last revolution had been seventy-six years and six months.

It may reasonably be asked, why the comet consumed a whole twelvemonth more in its revolution than was natural to it? To this it may be answered, and upon very accurate calculation, that it first displayed itself close upon the planet Jupiter, which influenced and retarded its movement. Hence it appeared at a somewhat later period than Halley had foretold.

The return of the comet in our own days ought to take place in the year 1834; but it is possible that it may be so influenced by Saturn and Uranus, as not to make its appearance before 1835, or even 1836. Numberless calculations have already been formed on this event; and we must leave it to time to pronounce which of them are correct. Neither can we predetermine what will be the degree of its brilliancy, or the extent and splendour of its tail: these are matters which seem to depend on circumstances beyond the sphere of our present knowledge.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 27.—G. Rennie, Esq., in the chair.—The minutes and proceedings of the former meeting having been read over, and confirmed, the following presents were announced:—The *Connaissance des Temps* for 1833, and the *Annuaire* for the present year, from the Board of Longitude at Paris; An account of two newly discovered Muscles, and Views of the Pelvis, by J. Houston, Esq., from the author; Transactions of the Société Française de Statistique Universelle de Paris, from the Society.

A paper on the probable cause of Terrestrial Magnetism, by Professor Barlow, was read, in which some highly interesting and important experiments were detailed. Mr. Barlow commenced by giving a general view of the discoveries made in magnetism down to the time of his last experiments, and noticed his own publications on the subject. One of his discoveries, that the magnetic attraction of an iron body lay entirely in its surface, Mr. Barlow considered a very important one; as well as another since made, that a wire while conducting a current of electric fluid, was in a high state of magnetic induction. This discovery which was made in America, was not lost on Mr. Barlow, who immediately resolved on trying the effect of a variety of electric currents on a magnetic needle. For this purpose he

† We gathered together a few choice specimens, for the cabinets of the curious, in a former number.

had a wooden globe constructed, with grooves cut on its surface, answering to the place of the meridians and parallels of latitude at every ten degrees. In these grooves he placed wires, and fixed the magnetic poles opposite to each other, according to the position determined by Captain Parry in his northern expeditions. Having completed his globe, and placed the position of London in the zenith, he exposed a small magnetic needle immediately over it, to the action of an electric fluid passing along all the wires. The needle immediately assumed a position showing the dip, and variation, as at present it is found. On varying the position of the globe, so as to bring the north or south pole uppermost, the north or south end of the needle immediately assumed a vertical direction, with that pole pointing downwards, and over the equator it preserved a horizontal position—all of which is found to take place in nature. Mr. Barlow then observed, that the development of terrestrial magnetism depends on caloric, having seen a heated metal globe become highly magnetic; and that, if one were made of different metals, an effect similar to his would be produced. Lastly, he attributed the same power in caloric, to the heat of the sun, which he considered produced electricity and magnetism. There only remained then one connecting link that was wanted, to enable him to explain the laws of magnetism in general, as he had so far succeeded in discovering the cause of the variation and the dip. His opinion is, that the earth is not a magnet; and that magnetism, as an independent quality, has no existence; but that all magnetic phenomena depend on electricity.

The reading of this paper was received with much interest, and the thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Barlow for his valuable communication. We have no doubt that the worthy professor will, ere long, add another to the many discoveries he has already made in this important, and to him, favourite subject. Probably the next will be, the cause of the constant change in variation, and in the positions of the magnetic poles.

A certificate was read in favour of James Henderson, Esq., of Regent's Park.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Friday, January 21st.—First evening meeting. The Duke of Somerset in the chair.—Mr. Faraday delivered an interesting lecture on certain optical illusions which attend the revolution of cogged and radiated wheels, when concentric and turning with great velocity. In the rotation of carriage-wheels, it is well known that, if the velocity be great, the appearance of spokes is entirely lost, and the space they occupy seems of an obscure tint, as if the spokes were diffused, and their colour, as it were, diluted in intensity over the whole area of the wheel; and when cogs fill the circumference, the same effect takes place, and a ring less brilliant than the colour of the wheel supplies the margin. This appearance is explained by the fact, that the operation which causes a definite idea of an object, requires a sensible portion of time for its accomplishment; and it has been calculated, that in less than one eighth of a second, such perfect image is not sensible. But if an object be visible for a much smaller period, though a perfect idea is not the result of vision, yet an obscure and imperfect image still exists; and if a series of objects be thus successively presented to the eye in very rapid rotation, each will seem co-existent throughout the whole circumference they revolve in, and a species of amalgamation is the result, not unlike that conveyed through the medium of the ear, when, by the rapidity of their succession, a series of impulses assume the softened character of musical intonation. But if two similar cogged wheels, whose axes lie in

the same line, are placed one a little behind the other, and both put into rapid motion with equal velocities, a spectator standing directly before them sees, on the circumference, the stationary image of the cogs, as if one of the wheels were standing still. The easiest way to make the experiment is by means of reflection; for if a circular piece of card be cut into cogs, or any similar open device for some distance from the circumference towards the centre, and then made to turn rapidly on a pin before a looking-glass, a person who looks at the reflection through the margin occupied by the cogs sees a stationary image of the wheel in the glass.

There are a variety of other phenomena resulting from the same principle, which our limits do not permit us to notice, much less to investigate their causes; but our curious readers may so easily diversify experiments by means so obviously simple, that more may be explained by a few card models than mere words can possibly render intelligible.

The immediate application of these discoveries to any useful purpose is not very apparent, but every advance towards a knowledge of the manner in which our senses are affected, is a valuable addition to our intellectual store, particularly with respect to optical illusions.

Mr. Faraday noticed the fact of apparent locomotion where it did not really exist, as in the undulation of a corn-field, &c. The waves of the sea appear as if the water moved forward with astonishing force and velocity, but such is not really the fact; and the intelligent lecturer suggested, that, with regard to the wheel animalculæ, the continued rotatory movement of the wheels might perhaps be an optical illusion produced by a successive undulatory movement of the small radii. The minuteness of the object renders any accurate observation scarcely possible; but if a continued rotation for half an hour and more really exist, it is certainly unlike anything else we know of in the animal economy.

On the table of the library, among several curious objects, we noticed a specimen of cast glass from America, which exceeded anything of the kind we have seen: the ornamental work very nearly equalled the best cut glass made in our own country.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 24.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq. in the chair.—The following donations have been added to the Society's library since the last meeting:—The Quarterly Review, from its commencement in 1809, to the present time, in forty-three vols., from Mr. Murray; Burney's Voyages, in five vols., from Colonel Page; Niebuhr's Arabia, from Mr. Back; Zoological Society's Transactions, from the Society; and a newly-invented Parallel Ruler from Mr. Jones, of Charing Cross.

Mr. Jones's parallel ruler was accompanied by a paper descriptive of its application and use. It will be sufficient to state here, that a parallel ruler has, till now, remained a desideratum; all mechanical contrivances of this description being hitherto imperfect. The virtue of Mr. Jones's invention consists in the application of the spirit-level, by which he obtains the parallel line, or one making any given angle with another—the only condition required being, that the surface of the drawing be inclined to the horizontal plane. The line required to be drawn, whether parallel to, or making a given angle with any other, being always referred to the spirit-level, renders this at once an infallible and extremely convenient instrument.

An important and highly-interesting communication from Dr. Holland was read, from the common-place book of the Society, calling the attention of future travellers in Greece to various desiderata, among which were the following:—There being evidence that the great plain of Thessaly was once covered with water—to exa-

mine whether there be any lacustrine or tertiary formations skirting the chain of older hills which surround it.—The site of the celebrated cave in Delphi, from which the Pythian oracles were delivered. According to a passage in Justin, lib. xxiv. 6, Dr. Holland is of opinion, that it may be sought for at some point above the Castalian fountain, ascending the steep cleft, or break, which separates the two Delphic summits, and that inflaming currents of carburetted hydrogen gas from crevices in the rock, might lead to its discovery.—The site of the celebrated oracle at Dodona, in Epirus, he is of opinion, might be found in the district of the river Arta (ancient Aracthus) instead of that of Joannina, where it is arbitrarily placed by travellers.—The monasteries of Meteora might be examined for ancient manuscripts, and the geological formation of the rocks of Meteora, as well as that of the lofty chain of Pindus. The course of the valley of Aracthus, from Kalarithes upwards to Metzovo, and the pass over the mountains into Thessaly.—The district of Paramithia, in Albania, might be examined for remains of antiquity.—The ancient theatre near Joannina would be well worthy the attention of travellers; with the exception of Colonel Leake, having been entirely overlooked by them.—The site of the Tropolitis of Doris has never been sought for;—but among the various points in Greece affording a field for future research, Thebes, Corinth, Argos, and Olympia may perhaps be more especially mentioned, having, from political circumstances, never been minutely examined, and being important in history, as well as famous for works of art.

The following communications from Mr. Barrow were next read. The first was an account of Deception Island, of New South Shetland, by Lieut. Kendall, while belonging to H.M.S. *Chanticleer*, Captain Foster. The island is in lat. 62° 55' S. and lon. 60° 28' W., and is of volcanic origin. The interior of it is occupied by a circular lake, which communicates with the sea on its S.E. side. Compact lava, ashes, pumice-stone, and ice, are among the component parts of the island, the highest part of which is about 1800 feet above the sea. It seems that volcanic action is still in progress, as many apertures were found, from which steam was constantly issuing with a loud noise. Hot springs abound in the island, and Lieut. Kendall found water at a temperature of 140 issuing from under the snow-clad surface of the ground, and running into the sea. Alum was seen in several places, and also the remains of a wreck, which were too old to afford any clue to the name of the vessel, or the country to which she had belonged.

The second paper gave an account of Keeling, or Cocos Islands, lying in the eastern part of the Indian Ocean, in lat. 11° S. These islands are of coral origin, and entirely of an opposite nature to that of Deception Island, although the sea near them is frequently covered with cinders and pumice-stones. It was remarked, that the surf has heaped up the shore of the islands from twelve to twenty-one feet above the level of high water, while the other parts of the islands are not more than from three to six feet above the same level. The paper gave a description of the various sorts of timber found on the islands, and stated that the live stock and fruits, which had been transferred there from the Mauritius, were in a thriving condition. Two Englishmen are the only settlers on the island, and it is considered to be a desirable place of resort during war.

The thanks of the Society were voted to the respective contributors of the above communications.

The following gentlemen were elected members of the Society:—Hunter Gordon, Esq., Edward Winterbottom, Esq., Captain Chaplin,

Captain Melville Grindley, W. Westall, Esq. The following were proposed as members:—The Rev. E. Hantrey, Captain Sir J. S. B. Pecheil, Bart. R.N., J. Watts Russell, Esq., Captain R. Fitzroy, R.N., and James Deville, Esq.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Thursday, Jan. 27.—W. R. Hamilton, V. P., in the chair.—The minutes of the last meeting were read, and three gentlemen, who had been previously elected, were formally admitted Fellows of the Society. An ancient seal, with a legend of St. Catherine, lately found at Risborough, Bucks, was laid upon the table, and a communication respecting it, from Mr. Brandreth, read. Mr. A. J. Kempe communicated drawings and a description of a Cromlech, near Swansea, vulgarly known as Arthur's Stone.

The secretary next read a letter from Fred. Madden, Esq. to one of the Vice Presidents, with a translation, from the Spanish, of an original manuscript journal, lately come into possession of the British Museum. This curious and interesting document is an account of the visit of the Duke of Najira to the Court of Henry VIII. in the year 1544, by his secretary, who accompanied him. The fear of Henry's name is strongly expressed, by the worthy journalist, as having possessed men even beyond the confines of his own dominions. His admiration of the Princess Mary is, perhaps, partly attributable to her relationship to the royal family of Spain, and partly to her orthodoxy. Great admiration is expressed of London Bridge, which, the author says, is the largest and most noble he had ever seen. Canterbury, London, Salisbury, and Exeter Cathedrals also excited his extreme admiration;—that of Salisbury, he declares to surpass, in richness and beauty, all the other churches in the world. The Duke was four days journeying from Dover to London, and seven from London to Plymouth. He had previously taken two days in going from Antwerp to Bruges!

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

The President, Earl Stanhope, will deliver his address intended for the anniversary, at the next general meeting of the Society, on Wednesday the 2nd of February; and on Wednesday the 16th of February, the Professor of Botany, Gilbert Burnet, Esq., will deliver his inaugural address.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The President, Dr. Wright, in the chair.—A review of Dr. Andrew Combe's 'Observations on Mental Derangement,' was read. Several interesting cases of a morbid state of various parts of the brain were related by Dr. Elliotson.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 22.—Mr. Chinnock in the chair.—Dr. Negri read a series of interesting cases, transmitted to him by Dr. Spinardi, a celebrated Italian physician, illustrative of the effect of the Secale Cornutum (ergot of rye) as a powerful therapeutic agent, not only in the hands of the accoucheur, but as exerting a decided influence in the suppression of hemorrhages generally. The cases were very succinctly and scientifically drawn up, and gave rise to a brisk and interesting discussion. Some very important facts were noticed by Dr. O'Shaughnessy and Mr. Burnett, relative to the discovery and chemical properties of this medicine. Its influence on the human economy was first observed in France: during a wet summer the rye became diseased, the bread consequently was deteriorated, and its effect on the inhabitants was so evident as to

induce some French pathologists to use it as an agent to relieve disease, and the result proved highly satisfactory. Drs. Stewart, Barry, Negri, O'Shaughnessy, the President, Mr. King, and other members, brought their experience forward in its favour; while Dr. Blicke, on the other hand, stated he had used it very extensively without the slightest advantage. This was by some accounted for, by supposing the specimen used by that gentleman could not have been genuine. Some ingenious theories were advanced in the course of the evening, to explain the *modus operandi*—one member proposed to institute a series of experiments on some of the lower animals, to decide its specific effect, the result he would report to the Society. Mr. Quain will read a paper on the vascularity of the brain at the next meeting.

We regret that we were unable, from indisposition, to attend the meeting of the 15th. There was, we understand, a good discussion on aneuris and the absorption of bone.

ARTISTS' CONVERSAZIONE.

The second meeting of this interesting Society took place this day week, at the Freemason's Tavern. If the former meeting, which we noticed, had not its usual quantity of gems in art, the members seem only to have reserved themselves for the present occasion, which was extremely brilliant, having more the appearance of an exhibition-room than the private conversazione of the artists, and lovers of their works. Mr. Charles Heath had a rich display of Turner's drawings, with engravings from them, intended for the forthcoming numbers of the 'England and Wales,' we should say, superior to any that have before appeared in the work. Stanfield had two or three of the richest quality—part, we hear, of his intended 'Landscape Annual.' Cox had a folio of 'Sketches in Paris,' executed with an uncommonly free and bold touch. Mr. Cooper delighted all by his 'Scraps,' the contributions of many of our most distinguished painters, given as proofs of their friendship. For the lovers of Stothard there was an invaluable volume, done in his earliest time, when he received five shillings for each of his labours—at least, so we hear, and have reason to believe, though now estimated at golden prices. Mr. Wright had a very pleasant volume, rich in the rich humour of Shakespeare. Many other pleasant things did we see; indeed, among our pleasantest evenings, none are more so than those we spend at the Artists' or the Artists and Amateurs' Conversazione.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

The second conversazione of this Society took place last Tuesday, when Mr. Aikin, the Secretary, delivered a lecture on the manufacture of silk. The various machinery employed in that beautiful art was exemplified by several curious models, explaining the process of silk-weaving, from the rude mechanism still preserved in eastern nations, to the elaborate contrivance of the British power-loom. An immense variety of specimens, both of our own and foreign silk manufactures were exhibited; but the most extraordinary effort of weaving attracted our attention in a copy of the will of Louis XVI. which was executed *entirely by the loom*. The printing character was so carefully formed, that, even on a tolerably close inspection, it appeared as if printed on the silk. The ornaments which surrounded the writing, together with a beautiful portrait of the King, were not less surprising as the result of mechanical combination. Our readers may suppose that this is a French production, but we could not learn in what part of France it was executed.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	Medical Society.....	Eight, P.M.
	College of Physicians.....	Nine, P.M.
TUESDAY,	Horticultural Society.....	One, P.M.
	Linnean Society.....	Eight, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers.....	Eight, P.M.
WEDNES.	Royal Society of Literature.....	Three, P.M.
	Geological Society.....	past 8, P.M.
	Society of Arts.....	past 7, P.M.
	Medico-Botanical Society.....	Eight, P.M.
THURSD.	Zoological Society.....	Three, P.M.
	Royal Society.....	past 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries.....	Eight, P.M.
FRIDAY,	Royal Institution.....	past 8, P.M.
SATURD.	Royal Asiatic Society.....	Two, P.M.
	Westminster Medical Society.....	Eight, P.M.

FINE ARTS

A Report addressed to the Subscribers for the Restoration of York Minster, on the proposed removal of the Choir Screen. By Robert Smirke. London, Whittingham.

Removal is a vague word, and has, in our judgment, led to one half the differences that exist on this subject. We were ourselves deceived by it. We remembered its ominous extent of meaning, and its fearful influence, in the repairs of Salisbury cathedral—but with the ground-plan, and the views before us, as now submitted to the subscribers, its magical influence is gone. The proposed alteration is really of much less consequence than we had supposed. For the position of a choir screen, there is no uniform practice to be deduced from an examination of other cathedrals; and the screen at York is of a date posterior to the building, and certainly does not agree with it in character. Our cathedral architects of old little regarded these things; additions and alterations were always made in the taste of the age, and with too little reference to the original building, of which, if it were to the purpose, we could adduce some absurd proofs. The question that is making all this stir at York is, then, in reality, a very trifling one. Mr. Smirke has submitted the question fully and fairly to the subscribers, and we trust they will consider it impartially, and not permit any angry feeling to bias their judgment. For ourselves, the liberation of the two splendid clustered columns would weigh with us, even if that pretty piece of *bijouterie*, the screen, were to be removed altogether; as it is, we agree with Mr. Wilkin, that the only question is, whether the screen should not be removed still further eastward.

ROGERS'S ITALY.

THAT any painful feeling could connect itself with this work, we did not think possible; we have treasured it as the jewel of our libraries, and its sweet poetry as the jewel of our memory. But, as public journalists, what but seem to be public wrongs will obtrude themselves upon us, and there is no personal feeling shall ever prevent us from doing our duty. There are, as is well known, two editions of this beautiful book, the one published at 1*l*. 8*s*., the other, appearing to have proof plates before the letters, at 3*l*. 3*s*. It was, however, proved to us, that some 3*l*. 3*s*. copies, with what appear to be proofs before the letters, had plates taken after the letters, and that the letters, a well known trick in the profession, had been stopped out. This, we confess, startled and staggered us, and we determined to ask for explanation where it could best be given, and to accompany our public statement of the fact with such explanation, whatever it might be. The truth then, after inquiry, appears to be, that with the best intention of preventing wrong being done, the parties have placed themselves in a position that may certainly excite the suspicion of wrong doing, and the following explanation

is justly due to the public. The first and folio proofs sold without the text have the artist's name to them; and when the books were to be printed,—be it remembered the plates are on the same page as the text,—stopping out the name seemed to be the better, if not the only way, to enable the public to distinguish the early from the late impressions: those persons, therefore, who have the three guinea copies, may be assured that they have the earliest proofs printed with the text; indeed, a moment's reflection will satisfy them that a fraud of this nature would have required a conspiracy, for no possible self-benefit, of publishers, bookbinders, printers, and copper-plate printers. We are further authorized to say, that all parties are willing to come forward and testify to the truth of this statement. For ourselves we are perfectly satisfied; the volume has taken its old place on our shelves, with all its pleasant recollections—with some new one perhaps, the consciousness of having resolutely done a public duty, which threatened to be most painful, and has turned out most pleasant.

The Right Hon. Louisa Elizabeth, Baroness Durham. Engraved by Thomson, from a painting by Sir T. Lawrence. London: M. Colnaghi.

THE next of the series of the female nobility for the forthcoming number of 'La Belle Assemblée.' A beautiful picture of a sweetly pretty and amiable looking woman, very delicately engraved. This series is indeed altogether deserving great commendation.

Seraps and Sketches by George Cruikshank. Part III. London: Robins & Co.

THIS pleasant work has come late to hand, and we have been laughing, instead of writing our commentary, ever since. We hope, however, by next week to be sobered down to critics.

THE ANNUALS have not flourished this season: proprietors, publishers, sellers, and buyers, all unite in the same complaint. We were going to say, we did not regret the intelligence—they have not done much good for art, and we know they have done very little for literature. The engravers have been crammed with subjects that must be ready to a day, to the exclusion of works of higher claims; and, we believe, they would rejoice at the reign of steel being on the brink of a revolution. Landscape Annuals are, however, yet in vogue, and the rival productions of Stanfield and Harding are giving busy note of preparation. Mr. Watts, too, we hear, is about to enter the field with landscape; but what surprises most is the report, that the academician Turner is expected to follow the example. Stimulated by the success of Mr. Rogers's 'Italy,' to which he made such glorious contributions, he is about to engage with Charles Heath in the publication of Views on the Loire. We recollect to have heard this eminent artist anathemise the whole race of Annuals, as ruining art, and deluging the public with steel impressions. We are therefore inclined to doubt the truth of the report. While speaking of Mr. Turner, we think it right to hint to him, that, in his work of 'England,' at last hurrying to a conclusion, it is hardly fair to give us the southern coast views over again—witness, St. Mawes, and Plymouth; he is the last artist that need do this.

We have just seen an etching by J. Phelps, from Mr. Collins's picture of 'The Fisherman's Departure,' painted for Mr. Morrison, and from the promise of it, we have great hopes that it will be a very admirable work when finished.

Thorwaldsen has finished the monument to be erected to the memory of the famous professor Vacca Berlinghieri, which is about to be erected at the cost of admiring friends in the

Campo Santo at Pisa. It is a basso-relievo of four figures representing the miracle of Tobias. Tobias is leaning on his stick, his countenance expresses the joy he feels at the return of his son, and his faith in the miraculous ointment God has sent him. The young Tobias stands opposite the old man; he touches his eyes with filial respect and affection. Ann, who is behind the old man, appears occupied with domestic duties, but curiosity to witness the effect of the remedy, keeps her in suspense: she seems undetermined whether or not to believe in the miracle. Behind young Tobias is the Archangel Raphael. From the expression of the angel's figure, it may be supposed he is taking his leave, saying, "Behold your son is safe—behold your father restored to sight: my mission is ended; the peace of God be amongst you." The story of old Tobias alludes to the eminent science which the Professor displayed in all surgical operations.

MUSIC

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Haydn's Grand Symphony, containing the celebrated finale movement, 'La Danse des Ours,' newly adapted for the Pianoforte, with Accompaniments for the Violin and Violoncello; and dedicated to Miss E. Fontaine, of Harford Hall, by J. B. Cramer. Cramer & Co.

CRAMER deserves the best acknowledgments of all true lovers of sound good music, for endeavouring to keep alive the excellent compositions of Haydn, Mozart, &c. His adaptation of this old symphony of the former respected and great master, is, as might be expected, effected in the best possible manner; and we sincerely hope that there is still good taste enough left amongst amateurs of the pianoforte, to render this publication sufficiently successful, to induce Cramer to continue similar adaptations.

Divertimento for the Pianoforte, in which are introduced favourite subjects from Hummel. Composed by G. Kiallmark. Chappell.

KIALLMARK has attained a very deserved and high popularity for his pianoforte and vocal works, from the flowing, graceful, and elegant taste which always pervades them. His instrumental arrangements are so especially "under the hand," as to render them easy of attainment, and yet pleasing, expressive, and brilliant. The divertimento now noticed, forms an eminent illustration of our remarks.

No. 6. of the Gems of Melody, for the Pianoforte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, (ad lib.) Selected and arranged by W. Forde. Cocks & Co.

THE sixth number of this very pleasing and useful (although brief and trifling,) work, presents 'The Carnaval de Venise,' arranged in a similar form with those we have previously noticed. It is, like the other numbers—cheap, easy, and interesting.

National Airs, with Variations for the Harp. Published for N. B. Challoner, by Mayhew & Co. (No. 5.)

THIS fifth number presents an introduction and five variations, expressly adapted to the harp upon the French air, on which is founded the popular song, "Oh no, we never mention her." This subject (although hackneyed) is here placed in a new and pleasing view, and must be peculiarly acceptable to harp-teachers and their pupils. The harmonies to the air are ingenious and appropriate, and also the employment of the "Sons Harmoniques" in the third variation.

Variations on the favourite Air 'Isabel.' Composed for the Spanish Guitar; and respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Colonel Charles Ellis, by Charles Eulenstein. Ewer.

FIVE very ingenious and tasteful variations to 'Isabel,' in the key of A, with a clever introduction in the minor of that key. Considerable ingenuity and talent is exhibited in Eulenstein's modulations, and it would be very desirable to hear his performance of them.

THEATRICALS

ADELPHI THEATRE.

ON Monday a new serio-magical Burletta was produced at this favourite house, called 'The King of the Alps and the Misanthrope.' It is such an extraordinary mixture of tragedy, comedy, farce, opera, fairy-tale, melodrama, and pantomime, that we scarcely know how to set about giving an account of it. It presents almost as many points as a hedgehog, and though they are not quite so sharp, we are puzzled to tell which to take hold of first. The piece is a translation from the German—but as we do not know the original, we are unable to trace how far the English author has deviated from it. Were we to attempt to follow the action through all its windings, we should want far more room than can be spared us. The main object of it, however, seems to be the employment of supernatural agency to effect a reformation in a mistaken mortal, and cure him of misanthropy. The mortal is John Rappelloff, Mr. Mathews, and the immortal, Astralagus, the spirit-king of the Alps, Mr. Yates. Rappelloff first contracts his taste for misanthropy by falsely imagining that everybody about him, even to his wife and daughter, is in a conspiracy to annoy and distress him, and this impression works upon his morbid temperament until he resolves to quit his home for ever, and live in solitude and seclusion. With this view, he fills his pockets with money, and sets forth on a chance-directed journey. He falls in shortly with a boozing charcoal-burner, (Mr. John Reeve,) buys his cottage of him, turns him and his family, bag and baggage, out of doors—and the first act ends with a very poetical illustration of Rappelloff's anxiously desired quiet. As the last faint sounds of a chorus, sung by the retiring family, die away in the extreme distance, he approaches the casement, throws it open, and discovers a calm and beautiful landscape, bathed in a golden flood by the setting sun. Its beams strike full upon his countenance as he seats himself at the window, and at this moment the curtain gently drops, leaving the solitary misanthrope reflecting and reflected upon. We were so pleased with this, that we are sorry to be obliged to call the attention of the management to the false position of the sun. It is true that it cannot be put in the right one, but why show it at all? It would be better away altogether.

In the second act the Misanthrope has a long interview with the Spirit-king, who vainly endeavours to convince him of his errors, and as a last resource, employs the agency of the four elements in a state of agitation, to frighten him into a compliance with the terms, by means of which he proposes that he shall convince himself: these are to return to his home, and converse about himself with his wife and family, to whose enchanted eyes he, the Spirit-king, undertakes that he shall, for a while, seem to be not himself, but his own brother-in-law. When he has had time, under his new semblance, to learn their real sentiments about him, and finds how mistaken he has been, the Spirit-king undertakes to assume his (Rappelloff's) appearance, and follow him to his house, thus giving him an opportunity of being an eye-witness to the disgusting nature of his conduct when he was himself. The business of this occupies the third act. Mr. Yates turns his well known and excellent imitation of Mr. Mathews, to capital account, and in the end the wished-for reformation is effected.

There are some strong situations in the piece, some good scenes, and much excellent acting; our main objection is to the writing, which is poor to the very extreme of poverty. In several parts, particularly we should say in Mr. Mathews's soliloquy in the cottage, and

almost throughout his part, good writing is positively wanted—but, wanted or not, it is never there. The author has himself raised the storm which has overwhelmed him—he has swelled the waters until he is himself out of his depth. Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mr. O. Smith, Mr. John Reeve, and Mr. Buckstone, deserve great praise for their acting, and Mr. Mathews is beyond it. Upon the whole, faults and all, we recommend our readers to go and see it, and to those who cannot, we offer the following

Receipt for making this Christmas theatrical Mince-pie.

Take of Mr. Buckstone's hard dry eccentricities, three ounces—of Mr. John Reeve's essential oil of drunkenness, three gallons—of Mrs. Yates's pleasant smiles, two ounces, with a few drops, well and carefully dropped, of her tears of tenderness—of Mr. O. Smith's strong descriptive tincture, one mellow drachm—of milk and water, or chalk writing, three full quarts—of the volatile spirit of fairies, two measures—of Mathews's infallible essence of genuine comedy, as much as you can procure, with half that quantity of Yates's imitative ditto—flavour with Mrs. Fitzwilliam—season to taste, with music, singing, thunder, lightning, brimstone, and fire—divide into three parts, and bake from seven till half-past nine.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

ON Monday, after the 'Chaste Salute,' in which Miss Sydncy is daily rising in public favour, and Mr. Collyer is showing himself a very deserving candidate for comic honours, "we met" with a new musical burletta from the poetical pen of Mr. T. Haynes Bayly, of Bath and Butterfly fascination. The piece is called 'The Grenadier'; it is founded on Mr. Bayly's own song so called, and is, in fact, the butterfly of which that was the grub. The said grub must have contained the elements of the light and agreeable insect which now flutters nightly round the Olympic lamps, though, while in its previous state, we could scarcely call it pretty: but then it has started into life with Madame Vestris and Miss Pincott for its wings, and, so supported, it would surely have been a wonder if it had fallen to the ground—indeed, to such wings *no-body* can object. The plot of the piece is nearly the same as the plot of the song. A young lady writes various notes and assumes various disguises in order to cure her lover of jealousy—among others, that of a grenadier; which we must trouble our readers to pronounce vulgarly, so as to be prepared for the reception of the bad joke upon which the explanation turns, and which is neither more nor less than that the person of whom the lover has been jealous, is the young lady's "own granny dear"—oh, dear! "Oh, Mr. Bayly—unfortunate Mr. Bayly," are you so poor in jokes as to be obliged to use such a one as this twice?—or, do you think that second jokes are best? But, no matter—we forgive you: your piece is pleasantly, if not wittily written, and, with the aid of very good acting and delicious singing, may claim to occupy one of the four hours to which the less-she has the good sense to limit her performances, with justice to the author and satisfaction to the public. Much mirth was excited by the antics of a little monkey which Madame Vestris brings on when disguised as a Savoyard boy—indeed we, who do not object to fun, and yet prefer good music to naughty monkeys, should be inclined to say *too much*; for the continued laughter interfered with our enjoyment of one of the prettiest and most characteristic songs we ever heard. Madame Vestris's execution of it, including her admirable delivery of the *patois* of the country was perfect. It was greatly applauded, and would have excited a still stronger sensation if the orchestra had not been a little abroad. The song must become a

general favourite. We think we can perceive plainly that Miss Pincott will very soon be in high request at this theatre. Both her speaking and action were marked by the greatest propriety. We recommend her, as soon as her good sense has measured the exact depth and current of a character, to plunge boldly in and fear nothing: we dare answer for it that she will float—nay, more, that she will go on swimmingly. Mr. Raymond is a very agreeable actor, and seems advancing rapidly in popularity, but he must bear in mind, that a country licence for extemporaneous speeches, in lieu of the author's words, is not permitted to extend to town practice. This grievous defect (we ought to say this discreditable carelessness, but we won't, because we like his acting) was painfully apparent on Monday night. Mr. Fredericks played respectably, but was rather too heavy; and when in female clothes, he should, at least, pretend to accommodate his voice to circumstances. We are the more particular in noticing the qualifications of the candidates for public favour at this new nursery for theatrical children, because some of our brother critics have been so sapient as to make fierce attacks upon Madame Vestris for having dared to endeavour to amuse the town without some of those old favourites who happen just now to be all engaged elsewhere. These gentlemen want to be reminded of the anecdote of the Irishman, who had so great a dread of being drowned that he resolved never to go into the water till he could swim. They should conclude such articles with "*Il faut dire quelque chose.*"

FRENCH PLAYS—HAYMARKET.

Our guiding principle has always been, that harshness is and must be at war with the spirit of true criticism. In obedience to this, we have used the "rod of iron," placed in our hands, rather as an index to point out the right road, than as an instrument for the coercive correction of those who may have strayed from it. While thus practising what we preach, we trust that we have never, on the other hand, been betrayed by our general good-will towards the theatres, and their professional supporters, into mistaken and overweening praise. "In medio tutissimus," &c.—but the proverb is somewhat musty. Suffice it therefore to say, that when playing 'the Critic,' we have neither cast ourselves for the part of *Puff*, nor *Sir Frefful*—neither for *Dangle* nor *Sucre*. Yet we have studied them all, and trust we have gained from them, as they have from their brilliant and gifted author, the combined elements of a just and liberal criticism. If this be our system towards our own countrymen, how much more do we feel bound to adhere to it as regards our Gallic visitors of the sock and buskin, who, did the scale but barely poise in all other respects, may fairly expect, and shall always have, the whole weight of "hospitality" thrown in on their side. This premised, we must beg the manager to realize some one (more if possible) of the promises held out by his bills at and since the commencement of the season. These bills, like all others, must be honoured, or he will find himself "*affiché.*"

We said last week with much pleasure, that there was promise about Mons. Derval, and we now say, with equal regret, that there is none about Madlle. Florval. We also, on that occasion, paid our first instalment of praise for the season to an artist, to whom, as an artist, we now willingly tender our second. But the gentleman in question does not act quite so well off the stage as on it; if he did, we should, indeed, be free from all complaint—a great thing, by the bye, to say at this season. A countryman of his, who sat next us the other evening, to whose ears the murmurings of gentle disapprobation, which floated "about and underneath," were unpleasant, at length exclaimed, half aloud, with a truly French mixture of pun and pettish-

ness, "Si quelq'un ici se plaint, il n'y a qu'à lui montrer La porte." Joking apart, however, much as we delight in a good French play well acted, we have no fancy for sitting out a long evening, in a very cold theatre, to be *ennuyé* at the end with trashy words and antediluvian music, (*organic* remains, doubtless,) such as are to be found in 'Les Visitandines.' Mons. Derval cannot have our voice for his continuance in opera, and his own will by no means do. He must confine himself to comedy and vaudeville. Neither can Madlle. Florval expect—but stop—gallantry pulls the check-string; we speak of a Mademoiselle, and must not say *a-Miss*. We quit the subject for the present, hoping that last night's foreign mail conveyed a letter from the manager to his fair friends in Paris, Madame Albert and Madlle. Leontine Fay, urging their appearance here *très incessamment*.

MISCELLANEA

The Duchesse de Dino having expressed a desire of inspecting the oriental curiosities deposited in the museum of the Royal Asiatic Society, Sir William Ouseley, with two gentlemen attached to the French embassy, had the honour of attending her through the various departments of that institution on Tuesday the 18th. In her inquiries and remarks on the numerous interesting objects preserved in this ample collection, works of art, ancient and modern, besides natural productions brought from the most distant regions of the globe, the Duchess evinced a degree of taste and judgment that delighted all who had the good fortune to hear her, and such copious and excellent information, as, Sir William declares, would do honour to any scientific traveller belonging to the society. The amiable Duchess (daughter of the Duke of Courland) is in the bloom of life, and to a considerable share of personal attractions, unites the most engaging and affable manners; her husband, the Duc de Dino, is nephew to the Prince de Talleyrand, the present French ambassador.

A society of married women has been formed in Poland, whose object is to collect all the nuptial rings, the produce of which is to be devoted to the organization of the army.

The Monument.—The chipping off the old lying inscription has begun. This is abundantly silly. To mutilate and destroy inscriptions is to falsify history. Its remaining there did not prove that the Catholics set fire to the city, but it proved the bigoted ignorance of the people who believed so; it proved that popular opinions, where they run current with popular prejudice, are very indifferent authority.

Society Islands.—It is a curious fact, that nearly all of the Society Islands at the present time are governed by women. These ladies each preside at the debates of their chiefs on the state affairs of their island, and take an active part in them. The meetings are open to all the natives, and whether of high or low degree, any one is allowed to give his opinion on the subject in question. When a measure is decided on, it is promulgated as a law from the chapels which have been built since the visit of the missionaries to the islands. In these debates the women generally evince mental qualities superior to the men, and also surpass them in their attainments at the missionaries' schools. Since the establishment of the missionaries on the islands, the condition of the women has undergone a great change; from a state of abject slavery and misery they have become comparatively free and happy; and the first object of the natives on visiting a ship newly arrived, is, to procure a bonnet or some such article for their wives, their own wants being a secondary consideration.

Royal Society of Agriculture for Prussia.—*Double Crop of Potatoes.*—Amongst other matters which came under the consideration of the General Assembly of this society, held at Potsdam on the 10th of November last, were several experiments which had been made on the cultivation of grain, nutritious herbs and potatoes, both by individual members of the society, as well as in its own gardens. The most interesting of the reports on these experiments was that which stated, that the rind of an early potato, which had been inserted in ground already cropped off, had afforded a prolific produce. The result of this experiment is of great importance to the common labourer, whose necessities may force him to consume the potatoes he has laid aside for spring-planting; inasmuch as he has now the certainty of gathering a second crop from the mere rinds of old potatoes. The humidity of last summer was peculiarly favourable to the process of germination; in dry seasons, therefore, he must take care to keep his potato-bed well moistened.

Tempora mutantur.—Towards the close of the fifteenth century, Matthias, King of Hungary, despatched this laconic summons to the burghesses of Ofen:—"Matthias Dei gratia Rex. Bonum mane, Cives!—Ad regem si omnes non veneritis, capita perdetis."—Rex." And the blow would have followed on the word, had they proved restive.

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Fortcoming.—An Outline of Sematology. Principles of English Composition, by Mr. Booth. Just Subscribed.—Barr's Help to Professing Christians, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Songs of Solitude; by W. Bennett, 12mo. 5s.—Jacob's Latin Reader, Part I. 2nd edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Dewan on Atonement, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Hind's Algebra, 8vo. 2nd edit. 12s. 6d.—Erskine's Brazen Serpent, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Bishop of London's Family Prayers, 8vo. 4s. 6d.—Jeune l'Herminette, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s.—Xenophon's Memorabilia; in Greek and English, interlinear, on Leche's System, 2nd edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Simond's, the Battles of Cressy and Poitiers, in French and English, interlinear, on Leche's System, 2s. 6d.—Life of Bishop Middleton, by the Rev. C. W. Le Bas, 2 vols. 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Dillon's Sermons, 8vo. 12s.—Views in the South of France, &c., 2d. 2s.—Siamese Twins, by the author of Pelham, 12s.—Flowers of Anecdote and Wit, 3s.—Art of Tormenting, 12s.—Coloured, 6s. plain.—Mrs. Leslie, a Tale, 3s.—Spirit of Don Quixote, 10s. 6d.—Haugh's Buenos Ayres, 12s.—Rev. H. P. Martyn's Analysis of the Calendar, 5s. 6d.—Williams's Syllabic Spelling, 6s. 6d.—Spitzner's Elements of Greek Prosody, 6s.—Grev's Memoria Technica, 4s. 6d.—Smith's Art of Drawing, 15s.—Shaw's Parochial Lawyer, 3s. 6d.—Familiar Law Adviser, Parts I. and II., 2s.—Doings in London, 7s. 6d.—Valpy's Classical Library, Vol. 4, 4s. 6d.—Divines of the Church of England, 7s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Baromet. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 20	45 40	28.10	S.E.	Rain.
Fr. 21	49 46	28.70	S.E.	Ditto.
Sat. 22	50 44	Stat.	S.E.	Ditto.
Sun. 23	49 32	29.88	E. to S.E.	Ditto.
Mon. 24	36 27	29.15	N.W.	Clear.
Tues. 25	35 23	29.45	N.	Ditto.
Wed. 26	33 22	29.90	N.W.	Ditto.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Nimbus, Cumulus, and Cumulostratus.

Nights and mornings rainy during the former half of the week; frosty since Monday.

Mean temperature of the week, 35.5°.

Astronomical Observations.
Sun entered Aquarius on Thursday, at 5h. 33m. P.M.
Venus and Herschel in conjunction on Saturday.
Moon in perigee on Monday, at 9h. A.M.
Mars's geocentric long. on Wed. 0° 32' in Taurus.
Venus — — — 14° 32' in Capricorn.
Sun's — — — 0° 52' in Aquarius.
Length of day on Wed. 8h. 40m.; increased, 1h. 2m.
Sun's horary motion 2° 32'. Logarithmic number of distance 9.99337.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents must still excuse us. We hope next week to notice all.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, NUMBER XIII.

IS THIS DAY PUBLISHED.

CONTENTS.

- 1 Spirit of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries
- 2 Mythology and Religion of Ancient Greece
- 3 Andral on Consumption
- 4 Carl Maria von Weber
- 5 The Fine Arts of the Middle Ages
- 6 History of the Hæusette League
- 7 History of the Ancient Germans
- 8 Correspondence between Schiller and Goethe
- 9 The Brunswick Revolution
- 10 United States of America
- 11 German Pocket-Books for 1831
- 12 Critical Sketches of Greek, Hebrew, French, and German Works
- 13 Miscellaneous Literary Notices from France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Russia, and Spain

List of the principal New Works published on the Continent, from October to November, 1830, inclusive.

Published by TREUTTEL, WURTZ, & Co. 30, Soho square; and BLACK, YOUNG, and YOUNG, 1, Tavistock-street.

THE RIGHT HON. LADY DURHAM.

A Portrait of the Right Hon. LADY DURHAM, from the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, publishes the February Number of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE, and forms the 74th of the SERIES of the FEMALE NOBILITY, which is progressively appearing in that highly-patronized publication.

Coloured Engravings of the London Fashions for February, from Original Designs, and also of the latest Parisian Modes, will appear in that style of superiority which has so long characterized LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE.

The Literary Department will consist of an Illustrative and Genealogical Memoir of Lady Durham; the Bride of Death; satire and Sentiment; a Dialogue, brought from the Shades of the Upper Regions, No. 1.—Husband Hunters; Moore's Byron; Poetry; a full Explanation of the Fashions, &c. &c.

PRINCESS ESTERHAZY's extremely beautiful Portrait enriched the January Number; in the following Portraits are in preparation: THE KING and QUEEN of ENGLAND, the EMPRESS of RUSSIA, the MARCHIONESS of STAFFORD, COUNTESS GORE, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, COUNTESS LALAN, MARY LESLIE, LADY NORMANBY, COUNTESS OF ANTRIM, &c. &c. &c.

WHITTAKER and Co. London; and may be ordered of all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

This day is published, price 2s. 6d.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

No. VII. for JANUARY, 1831.

The present Editor of the National Magazine, in offering to the public a third number, respectfully submits it to their patronage, in the hope that he will be found to have fulfilled his pledge, and supplied what Ireland wanted—a Miscellany combining amusement and information; and which, while advocating honest and independent views in politics, is friendly to morality and the best interests of religion. While anxious, as he undoubtedly is, to exhibit a periodical which may not be inferior to others of the same class, in the talent which is brought to bear upon the general conduct of the work, he confesses he feels particularly desirous of affording what parents and guardians may safely admit into their families, as friendly to good government, sound morality, and pure religion.

Contents: Life and Times of George the Fourth—God save the King—The Lost One—The Maniac—The Maniac—An Evening in College—On Christ bearing his Cross, a Picture by Velasquez, in the Collection of the Hon. and Rev. J. Ponsonby, by Mrs. Hemans—The Primitive State of the Globe, and its subsequent Changes—A Portrait—Laying a Ghost, by the Author of 'Tris and Stories of the Irish Peasantry'—'Four dire Aclien'—dressed to a Young Lady—Peers, Pedigrees, and Paupers—Songs for the Sorrowful, No. II.—Clara Delaval—The Slave—Africa and African Travellers—East Greys; Personal Sketch—Lines written at sea—Trigonometry: Differential and Integral Calculus—The Bar; Keeping Terms in London—The Irish version of the Holy Scriptures—Dublin; its Local Anecdotes—Lyon's Poems—Notes of the Month, by Two Hermits in London—Sonnet: The Thirty-first of December—Sonnet: New-Year's Day—Critical Notices: The Valley of the Clusone; An Essay on Medical Education; History of the Coenasters in Scotland; The Works of Martin Doyler; The Family Library; The Excitement; Norington, or Memoirs of a Peer; The Battle of Clontarf—Varieties, Literary and Scientific; Royal Irish Academy; University Intelligence; List of New Works—Monthly Record of Military Promotions, Appointments, &c.—Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Dublin: Published at the National Magazine Office, 3, Cecilia-street, by Philip Dixon Hardy, to whom all Communications are to be addressed; and by W. F. Wakeman, p. D'Olier-street; Hurst, Chance, and Co. London; and Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

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THE ROYAL LADY'S MAGAZINE AND ARCHIVES OF THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

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No. II., embellished with a splendid Portrait of the Queen—the only authentic one published; Views of Belvoir and Warwick Castles, from original drawings, by Pugin; and Seven Portraits in Fashionable Costume, for February.

Contents: I. Madame de Genlis. II. The Meeting. III. Duke of Sully. IV. The Minister, a Legendary Tale. V. The Origin of Love, a Chemical Essay. VI. Lines for the front page of an Album, by Miss M. R. Milford. VII. Flaubert's. VIII. Italian Poem. IX. Bertha de Vere. X. Specimens of Russian Poetry. XI. Moore's Byron. XII. Dr. Parr's Life of Sir Humphrey Davy. XIII. Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd, &c. &c. Reviews, Music, Fine Arts, Drama, &c.—Parisian and English Fashions for February, &c.

No. I., published 1st January, has been reprinted, and may be had, with all the succeeding numbers as they appear, at the publishers, W. SAMS, Bookseller to the King, 1, St. James's-street; and SHERWOOD and Co., Paternoster-row; and at all Booksellers and respectable Libraries in the United Kingdom.

Published this day,

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW,

No. 27, containing the following articles:

- I. Popular Defensive Force.—II. Lesson's History of Man.—III. Hannibal's Passage of the Alps.—IV. Webster's American Dictionary.—V. India and China Trade.—VI. Character of George IV.—VII. Scotch Parliamentary Reform.—VIII. Horres of Brogue.—IX. Maxwell.—X. Belgian Revolution.—XI. J. P. Cobden's Italy.—XII. Bruce's Travels.—XIII. Macmillan's—XIV. The Poems.—XV. Basil Barington and Friends.—XVI. The Wellington Administration.—XVII. European Revolution.—XVIII. Doctrina Copularum Lingue Latine.—List of Books, &c.

No. 28 will be published on the 31st March, 1831.

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

Nos. CLXXVI. and CLXXVII. for FEBRUARY.

CONTENTS OF PART I.

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13.

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Edited by THOMAS WAKLEY, will contain an Article distinctly showing that THE PEOPLE have the POWER to REJECT or CONFIRM the APPOINTMENT of BISHOPS, and that, by the Exercise of that Power, they have, in their own hands, the Means of almost wholly suppressing the ABOMINATION OF CHURCH PLURALITIES.

No. 4, Sunday, January 23rd, contained—1, Demand for the Vote by Ballot, and Reform in Parliament, from six great Counties in England. 2, Advice to Lord Grey that he be Honest, and concede to the People a thorough Reform. 3, The War in Ireland. Bishop St. Lawrence. Whocan wonder at the Agitation? 4, Precious Plan of Reform by the Morning Chronicle. The Game of 'King-craft' playing at Belgium. 5, Call on England to aid the Poles. 6, The Russian 'Choicest' in the Plague. 7, Short-sighted Libel by a Parson. 8, The Whig Lord Melbourne and Radical Mr. Hunt. 9, Replies at Norwich. 10, Mr. Hobhouse's Vestry Bill. 11, Waltham for Chamberlain. 12, The acute Globe. 13, The Electors of Preston. Interesting and affecting Account of the late Countess. 14, Political Lights in the Porticoes. 15, News from the Seats of War Abroad. 16, Private Correspondence from Paris. 17, The Monopoly of the London Water Companies. 18, Gymnastics in Essex on the 14th. 19, Law Intelligence. 20, Police Reports. 21, News from the Gambling Square, and State of the Debt Market. 22, Town and Country Markets. 23, The Gazette. 24, Varieties, Anecdotes, On-Dits, Theatricals, Domestic News, City News, Outrages, &c.

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